BRITISH
22 FEB 26
MUSEUM

82
D

527. c. 45.

MORAL and CRITICAL

REFLECTIONS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

Among which (by way of Illuſtration)

VARIOUS

CHARACTERS

Are occaſionally interſperſed.

By the AUTHOR of EMILY;
OR,
The HISTORY of a NATURAL DAUGHTER.

Diverſité c'eſt ma deviſe.
LA FONTAINE.

LONDON:
Printed by DRYDEN LEACH,
For F. NOBLE, at *Otway's Head*, in *King-Street, Covent-Garden*;
AND
J. NOBLE, at *Dryden's Head*, in *St. Martin's-Court, Leiceſter-Square.*
M DCC LVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

PREFACES to Books are, like Prologues to Plays, generally deſigned by the Authors of them, as Bribes for the Favour of the Public; but they are, in my Opinion, the pooreſt Advocates a Writer can employ. If his Productions ſhould happily give Pleaſure on a *ſecond* Peruſal, they will be admired without his ſuing for Indulgence in a ſupplicating Strain; but when they cannot be read even *once* without Diſguſt, the moſt pathetic Addreſs will not ſecure them from Cenſure and Contempt. If a Work has Merit, it will make its Way among People of Judgment and Taſte, unſupported by a flattering Introduction; if it has no Merit, the moſt ſubmiſſive Preface will plead very feebly in its Behalf.

The Contents of the following Sheets were occaſionally written, in the Hours of

of Relaxation, for his private Amuſement, by the Author, who, on reviewing lately a Bundle of his miſcellaneous Obſervations, in a chaotic State, flattered himſelf into a Belief that they would make no deſpicable Figure, if they were claſſed with ſome Regularity, and collected into a Volume; and he now ſends them into the World, becauſe he is vain enough to imagine, (who is without Vanity?) that thoſe into whoſe Hands they may fall, will be edified without Languor, and diverted without Diſſipation.

Compoſitions of this Kind, if they are well executed, have many Advantages over dry, prolix, and elaborate Treatiſes; becauſe they lure Readers of a roving Diſpoſition, by their Variety, to *think*; and convey a great deal of Knowledge to the Mind, by communicating a little at a Time.

REFLEC-

62555
5

THE CONTENTS.

A

	Page
Abstinence	1
Adversity	2
Advice	3
Adulation	6
Affability	ib.
Affectation	7
Ambition	9
Amusement	10
Anger	12
Assurance	ib.
Avarice	14
Authors	15

B

Beneficence	33
Bigotry	34
Blushes	36
Books	37
Bright Boys	39
Business	ib.

C

Calumny	40
Ceremony	ib.
Chearfulness	42
Children	44
Clergyman	47
Comedies	49
Compassion	50
Conversation	53
Courage and Caution	61
Critics	62
Curiosity	64
Custom	ib.

D

Death	66
Debauchees	67
Debts	69
Delicacy	ib.
Despair	70
Diet	ib.
Discontent	72
Distance	ib.
Distress	73
Dress	ib.
Drunkenness	74
Duelling	77

E

Envy	78
Equanimity	80

Exerciſe —— ib.
Extravagance — 82

F

Fame —— 83
Faſhion —— 84
Fear —— 86
Flattery —— 88
Fortitude —— 90
Fortune —— 91
Friends and Friendſhip 92
Frugality — 99
Futurity —— ib.

G

Gaming — 105
Garrulity — 108
Good Breeding — 109
Good Humour — ib.
Gratitude —— 110
Greatneſs of Mind ib.
Grief —— 111
Guilt —— 112

H

Habits —— 113
Happineſs — ib.
Health —— 115
Honour — 119
Hypocriſy —— ib.

I

Idleneſs —— 120
Jealouſy — 121
Jeſting —— 122
Inattention — ib.
Indolence —— 123
Innocence — ib.
Inſenſibility — 124
Intrepidity —— 125

K

Knowledge — 126

L

Learning —— 127
Letter-writing — ib.
Liberty —— 129
Life —— 130
Love and Lovers — ib.
Lunacy —— 134
Luxury —— ib.

M

Mankind —— 135
Matrimony — 166
Mediocrity — 174
Modeſty —— ib.
Muſical Expreſſion 175
Mutability — 176

O

Obſtinacy — 176
Old Age — 177
Opportunity — 179
Outward Shew — 180

Parents

P

Parents — 181
Party-Spirit — 185
Paſſion — ib.
Peeviſhneſs — 186
Philoſophy — 187
Phyſiognomy — ib.
Piety — 190
Pleaſure — 191
Power — 192
Pride — 193
Projectors — 194
Pronunciation — 195
Prophaneneſs — 196
Proſperity — 198

R

Reading and Readers 198
Reaſon — 200
Religion — 201
Revenge — ib.
Riches — 202
Romances — 203
Royalty — 204

S

Satire — 205
Self-knowledge — 206
Self-ſufficiency — 209
Shame — 210
Sleep — ib.
Solitude and Society 211
Strength — 217
Suſpence — ib.

T

Taſte — 217
Tears — 218
Time — 219
Timidity — ib.
Tragedies — 220
Tragedy Heroes — 221
Tragi-Comedies — 222
Triffles — 224
Truth — 225

V

Virtue — 226
Virtuoſos — ib.

W

Wiſhing — 228
Wit — 231
Women — 234

Z

Zeal — 240

Miſcellaneous Thoughts 241

Juſt publiſh'd, Price 3s. bound,

THE

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, and WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES

OF

CAPT. JOHN HOLMESBY.

CONTAINING

A Series of the moſt ſurpriſing and uncommon EVENTS which befel the AUTHOR in his Voyage to the SOUTHERN OCEAN.

Juſt Publiſh'd, in TWO VOLUMES,

(Price 6s. bound)

THE

HISTORY

OF

Miſs SALLY SABLE,

A FOUNDLING.

Juſt publiſh'd, in TWO VOLUMES,

(Price 6s. bound)

The HISTORY

OF

Sir ROGER and his Son JOE.

REFLECTIONS

AND

CHARACTERS.

A.

ABSTINENCE.

ABSTINENCE is ſalutary, and attended with a great many Advantages; but the Majority of thoſe who abſtain from their favourite Pleaſures, are not actuated by prudential Motives, becauſe they only

withdraw from them, in order to re-enjoy them with a more *piquant* Reliſh.

ADVERSITY.

Adverſity ſometimes brings to light concealed Virtues, and Proſperity ſometimes rouſes latent Vices.

We often find ourſelves able when ſtimulated by Neceſſity, to perform Actions which we ſhould have deemed impracticable in our Moments of Indolence and Eaſe.

The Scholars of *Adverſity*, though they are educated rigidly and ſeverely, feel the Benefits of ſuch an Education when they make their Appearance on the World's great Stage, and generally make a better Figure than the enervated Pupils of *Proſperity*, becauſe they have been taught how to *live hard*, and to ſurmount the common Calamities of Life by Induſtry, and not to ſink indolently under the Preſſure of them.

The

The Inſtructions of *Adverſity* are wholſome, though harſh and unpleaſing; the Leſſons of *Proſperity* are pleaſing, but pernicious.

Adverſity is often falſely called Wretchedneſs, and Proſperity often as falſely called Felicity.

The Mind often grows firm by ſtruggling with the rough Blaſts of Adverſity, but ſinks into a State of Indolence and loſes all its Strength, when it is only agitated by Fortune's gentleſt, moſt propitious Gales.

ADVICE.

Advice would be oftener received without Diſguſt, if it was more frequently given with Diſcretion.

Thoſe Men who are truly wiſe liſten to Advice with Pleaſure, but give it with Reluctance; they are always more diſpoſed to learn than to teach.

Fools on the contrary, are fond of documenting others, but very loth to receive Inſtruction themſelves.

The former are guided by Humility, the latter are governed by Pride.

Every Body is ready to give Advice, but very few know how to give it with a good Grace.

To convey Council with Delicacy, and to make Inſtruction palatable, *hic Labor hoc opus eſt.*

The beſt Way, I think, of admoniſhing a Man, is to make him believe that you echo his own Sentiments, by an artful Intermixture of the two Words, *you know.*

By the Aſſiſtance of thoſe Monoſyllables, you may adminiſter your mental Phyſic without rouſing the Reſentment of your Patient, and without diſconcerting his Muſcles.

Advice ought to proceed from Affection; it will otherwiſe be in its Motives defec-

defective, and in its Endeavours unſucceſsful.

When a Man adviſes another becauſe he has a real Eſteem for him, and is anxious about his Welfare, the Sincerity of his Intentions is diſcernible in the Manner of his Addreſs.

The real Friend has a winning Way which is not eaſily counterfeited by the pretended one; and will, by delicately blending Prudence and Politeneſs, not only ſooth the Ear, but make an Impreſſion upon the Heart.

When a Man is very fond of giving Advice with an arrogant and dogmatical Air, you may be aſſured that he ſtands very much in need of it himſelf.

Moſt People give Advice through Oſtentation, and not with an Intention to benefit the Perſons to whom they offer it. They think themſelves ſuperior to them while they are inſtructing them, and are therefore ſo much puffed up with

Vanity and Self-conceit, that their Deſigns are eaſily detected.

The generality of Mankind on all Occaſions, but particularly about their Amours, ask not the Advice of a Friend, till they have determined to take their own.

A Man never gives ſo ſtrong a Proof of his Wiſdom, as when he ſhews a Diſpoſition to receive Advice.

ADULATION.

The artfulleſt Way of flattering a Man, is to tell him he hates Flattery.

No Body can flatter us half ſo much as we flatter ourſelves.

AFFABILITY.

We ſhould never behave haughtily to our Inferiors, for the *Loweſt* may, if they pleaſe, be very troubleſome to the *Higheſt*, and the *Higheſt* may be urged by Neceſſity

Neceſſity to require, and glad to receive the Aſſiſtance of the *Loweſt*.

A Man ſhould not be inſolent in a proſperous Station, becauſe no Station can exempt him from Adverſity.—Hear this O Pride, and bluſh at thy Preſumption!

We ſhould be always ſtudious not to excite Hatred by unneceſſary Provocations, becauſe there is no Man of whoſe Kindneſs we may not one Day ſtand in need, and by whoſe Malevolence we may not one Day be injured.

AFFECTATION.

We never act with ſo much Abſurdity, nor make ourſelves appear in ſo unamiable a Light, as when we aim to excell in Characters for which we were never by Nature deſigned.

Thoſe who affect to be witty and to be humorous, to utter *bons mots* and ſmart Repartees, are as numerous as

the Crows which flutter over a tented Field, and ſnuff the Approach of a Banquet on the Eve of a Battle; but thoſe who affect to be wiſe and to be good, are as ſcarce as Honeſty in a Newgate-Sollicitor, Courage in a Bully, or Good-nature in an Old Maid.

We often ſpeak contemptuouſly of a Thing which we cannot procure, becauſe we are afraid our Poverty ſhould be detected.

Nothing makes a Man appear in a more ridiculous, a more contemptible Light, than the Deſire to be thought Maſter of a Subject with which he is only ſuperficially acquainted.—The Miſtakes of *Ignorance* are pardonable, but the Blunders of *Affectation* are not to be endured.

AMBI-

AMBITION.

Ambition is a laudable or a criminal Paſſion, as it is prudently or imprudently indulged.

Ambition is an arbitrary Paſſion; it ſcorns to be confined by the Shackles of Reſtraint, but uſurps the Soul, and with reſiſtleſs Force triumphs over all its calmer Motions. As when a rapid River overflows its Banks, and deluges the neighbouring Fields, all the Ponds, Lakes and Rivulets it meets with in its Courſe, are mingled together without Diſtinction, and increaſe its Impetuoſity.

Thoſe who run the rapid Courſe of Ambition, often meet with diſgraceful Shocks; but thoſe who are inured to them, grow callous, and ruſh on to perform adventurous Exploits, without fearing to be intercepted in the Midſt of their Career by Diſappointment.

Ambition is a Luſt which is always enflamed, but never quenched by Enjoyment.

When Ambition takes Poſſeſſion of the Heart, Content elopes from it.

The Votaries of *Ambition* are inflamed with fiercer Deſires than the Votaries of *Love*, and are more ſeverely tortured by the malicious Inſinuations of *Jealouſy*.

Ambition is, like Love, equally impatient of Rivals and Delays.

AMUSEMENT.

I find it often neceſſary to lay aſide my *Newton* and my *Locke*, and to have Recourſe to lighter Studies than Metaphyſics and Mathematics.

All innocent Relaxations are laudable, and thoſe ſurely which tend neither to injure our Fortunes nor our Conſtitutions, may be reckoned amongſt that Number.

For

For my Part, I think I am as rationally and as innocently employed while I am penning a Sonnet, pointing an Epigram, or brooding over an Enigma, as he who amuſes himſelf by ſhaking a Dice-box at ———, telling Pips at *Arthur*'s, or running a *well-bred Thing*, at *Newmarket*.

As the Stomach is not always diſpoſed to receive quietly hard Cruſts, and ſtrong Meats, neither is the Mind always diſpoſed to attend to dry Diſquiſitions, and recondite Reaſonings. Change of Food is highly requiſite for the Welfare of both.

The Mind ſhould always be uſefully and innocently amuſed, becauſe it is dangerous to ſuffer it to lie idle, and expoſed to the Allurements of every inſinuating and pernicious Paſſion.

ANGER.

ANGER.

Anger is like a mettleſome Horſe, let him have his Freaks, and he will ſoon grow as tame as a Lamb.

He who pines in Love, Grief, or Envy, paces ſlowly to the Realms of Death; but he who is ſtung by that Scorpion Anger, is often hurried to them with Rapidity, by the Brain-diſtracting Fierceneſs of a Fever.

ASSURANCE.

He who *thinks* himſelf of no Conſequence in the World, will always be *thought* ſo by it.

It is better, therefore, in order to ſecure Reſpect when you appear in Public, to appear as if you imagined you were entitled to it.—To have, in ſhort, a good Opinion of yourſelf.

Thoſe

Thoſe who are of a baſhful, timorous Diſpoſition, and afraid of behaving with a ſpirited Aſſurance, leſt they ſhould be thought proud, arrogant, and conceited, are ſeldom looked on in a becoming Light.

If we have a mean Opinion of ourſelves, how can we expect that others ſhould deem us worthy of Reſpect or Eſteem?

We ſhould aſſume a few Airs, and put on a ſtriking Exterior, for a plauſible Outſide is attended with numberleſs Advantages.

Aſſurance frequently makes a Man, who is not ſenſible of his mental Deficiences, paſs for a clever Fellow; and *Baſhfulneſs* as often ſtamps Idiotiſm on the Forehead of him who is ten Times wiſer than he who diſcovers it.

To give a baſhful Man an aſſured Air, and to make an impudent Man behave

behave himſelf modeſtly, are Taſks equally difficult to be performed.

Aſſurance enables a Man, with a moderate Capacity, to buſtle through the World, and to make a tolerable Figure in it. Baſhfulneſs will hinder a *Solomon* from diſplaying his Talents to Advantage, and promoting his Intereſt.

AVARICE.

Covetous Men are naturally inclined to look upon thoſe who are legally to inherit their Riches, not only with Envy but Abhorrence.

Prodigals and Miſers are equally cenſurable and equally contemptible, becauſe it is equally ridiculous to ſcatter Riches with a wanton Liberality, and to lock them up with a ſelfiſh Voracity. The truly prudent Man is neither parſimonious nor profuſe.

Avarice and Prodigality, though they ſeem to be Vices as oppoſite to each other

other as Light is to Darkneſs, or Froſt to Fire, frequently take Poſſeſſion of the ſame Heart.

AUTHORS.

An Author ſhould be particularly careful not to commit a Line to the Preſs, which may tend to debauch the Morals of his Readers, and to poiſon their Minds with Errror.

He who has bright Talents and employs them to make Virtue contemptible, and Vice alluring by his Humour or his Wit, is a public Nuiſance and an Enemy to his Species.

Men of ſhallow Underſtandings are very apt to think a Thing great, which is whimſical and aſtoniſhing; and injudicious Scribblers would rather be admired than comprehended, and celebrated by the ill-judging *Many*, than praiſed by the deſcerning *Few*.

To

To this ſilly Ambition *ad captandum Vulgus*, to catch empty Readers, is owing all the Fuſtian, Bombaſt, and Obſcurity in Verſe and Proſe.

It is the peculiar Unhappineſs of thoſe who ſupport themſelves by mental Induſtry, not always to be in a ſtudying Humour.

There are Moments of Indolence, when the inventive Faculties are benumbed, and the Mind lapſes into a Lethargy which it cannot ſhake off by the moſt vigorous Efforts.

When an Author teazes his Friends to ſupport a Subſcription for him, he tells them indirectly that he is not only a poor Man, but a poor Writer, and not eminent enough to the literary World, to circulate the Spinnings of his Brain, under the Protection of *Merit*, without the Patronage of *Generoſity*.

Some Commentators endeavour, with a great deal of Induſtry, to render the plaineſt

plaineſt Things myſterious, and frequently make the moſt intelligible Paſſages obſcure, by their refined Explanations and forced Conceits.

A Poet who regards nothing but the Tinkling of his Rhymes, is like a Fool who minds nothing but the Jingling of his Bells.

A melodious Verſification, and a rough one, are as widely different as the Sounds emitted from the Throat of the Nightingale, from thoſe vented by the Cuckow.

We are charmed, on the one Hand, with a Variety of clear Tones harmoniouſly diverſified; but diſguſted, on the other, by the ſame dull Notes invariably repeated.

It is as dangerous to provoke the Choler of ſatirical Authors, as to diſturb a Neſt of Hornets, for nobody can provoke the firſt or diſturb the laſt, without

without running a Riſque of being ſtung.

Some Authors are praiſed into Oblivion by their prejudiced Friends, and others are railed into Reputation by their injudicious Enemies.

Poets who are deſirous of rhyming themſelves into Fame, are often neceſſitated to ſacrifice Senſe to Sound, and to introduce unneceſſary Words, after a Thought has been fully expreſſed.

Rhyming Poets, by endeavouring to charm our Ears by the Melody of their Numbers, frequently give us melliſluous Nonſenſe, and tinkling Stupidity.

Hiſtorians may not improperly be called Satiriſts, becauſe the Majority of human Actions are expoſed by being related.

Thoſe Satiriſts who imitate *Horace*, are preferable to thoſe who copy *Juvenal*, and do more good, I believe, becauſe we are oftner laughed out of our Vices by

by *Raillery*, than ſcolded out of them by *Railing*.

Many Commentators explain away the Senſe out of an intelligible Paſſage, but few throw Light upon an obſcure one.

Many Poets are very fond of deſcribing the Charms of the Country, but few deſcribe them with Judgment, becauſe few examine them with Attention.

Two thirds of the deſcriptive Poets make us ſick with their ſlovenly Delineations of rural Beauties; and a ſlight Peruſal of thoſe Delineations, is ſufficient to convince us that the Authors of them "talk of Beauties which they "never ſaw, and fancy Raptures which "they never felt."

Do you want to ſee rural Imagery in Perfection; — read the Seaſons of *Thomſon*;

In his correct Deſcriptions you will trace,
All *Milton*'s Grandeur, and all *Milton*'s Grace;

In

In his inſtructive, poliſhed Lays you'll find
A rich, uncloying Banquet for the Mind.

When I read a Book which greatly entertains me, I can't help crying out, "how charming a Companion the Au-"thor muſt be!"—But a Man equally entertaining with his Tongue and his Pen, is as ſeldom to be met with, as Philanthropy in a Miſer, or Tenderneſs in a Foot-Pad.

The Author who attempts to cure Mankind of their Vanities and their Vices, to enlighten their Minds and to meliorate their Morals, by Reaſon or Ridicule, by Satire or Perſwaſion, might as well attempt to ſmooth a tempeſtuous Sea by preaching to the Winds, or make Variations in the Movements of the Planets.

"To mend the World's a vaſt Deſign."

And an Author of this mending Diſpoſition will, however ſanguine he may be,

be, meet with a chilling Reception from the Majority of his Fellow-Creatures, who are too proud to be tutored, and too much bigotted to their own Opinions, to bear, without diſſatisfaction, the Accent of Reproof. They reject the ſalutary Admonitions of the Moraliſt with Contempt, and have no ſofter Appellations to beſtow on him, than "an "officious and conceited Scribbler, who "thinks himſelf poſſeſſed of Talents "ſuperior to the reſt of the World, and "vainly imagines he has made more "acute Obſervations on Men and "Things, than all his Predeceſſors "and Co-temporaries."

Pope concludes his *Eloiſa* to *Abelard*, with the eight following Lines;

And ſure if Fate ſome future Bard ſhall join
In ſad Similitude of Griefs to mine,
Condemn'd, whole Years, in Abſence to deplore,
And image Charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well,
Let him our ſad, our tender Story tell;

The

The well-ſung Woes will ſooth my penſive Ghoſt;
He beſt can paint them who can feel them moſt.

Theſe Lines are particularly beautiful, becauſe the Situation of his own Mind is pathetically glanced at in them. — *Pope* had an unſucceſsful Amour.

If the ingenious Author of the Eſſay on his Writings and Genius, had been acquainted with this Anecdote, he would not have cenſured them, I believe, ſo haſtily and ſo ſeverely. — Hear what he ſays.

" With this Line,

" One human Tear ſhall drop, and be forgiven!"

" in my Opinion, the Poem ſhould have
" ended, for the eight additional ones
" concerning ſome Poet, that haply
" might ariſe to ſing their Misfortunes,
" are languid and flat, and diminiſh
" the Pathos of the foregoing Senti-
" ments.

" ments. They might ſtand for the " Concluſion of almoſt any Story." Page 333.

Languid and flat, indeed, I think, is this Remark, and every Reader who has felt the Pangs of diſappointed Love, will probably be of my Opinion.

" All Ages," ſays Archbiſhop *Potter*, at the Opening of his Book concerning the *Grecian* Antiquities, " have " had a great Eſteem and Veneration " for Antiquity."

Such a Miſtake might have been eaſily made by the moſt judicious Writer, *currente calamo*, in the Heat of Compoſition, but I marvel much that it was overlooked by the Corrector of the Preſs.

An Author cannot reviſe his Sheets too often before he ſuffers them to be printed.

Rowe has in his Tragedy, *The Fair Penitent*, pointed out, by a Series of natural

tural Incidents, " the Miſchiefs which " attend unlawful Love," but he might have called it, with more Propriety, *The Unhappy Father*; or, *The Deceitful Daughter*.

Caliſta's Penitence does not appear to be heart-felt. Her Sorrow ſeems not to ariſe from a Deteſtation of the Fact, but to be occaſioned by the Diſcovery of it.

Pope in his Eſſay on Man, with too much Preſumption, I think, ſays,

> For Modes of Faith let blinded Zealots fight;
> His can't be wrong whoſe Life is in the right.

A Man may act right according to his own Creed, but that Creed may be an erroneous one.

A rigid, bigotted Papiſt acts right, as a Papiſt, when he deſtroys a Heretic, becauſe he thinks he is doing his Duty; but who will ſay he acts right as a human Creature?

I have

I have ſome ſomewhere met with this Remark, "where true Learning is, "true Virtue cannot be far off." If the Author of it meant by Learning, Erudition, (the common Meaning) I cannot ſubſcribe to his Opinion, for a Man may have a Head filled with all Kinds of School-Furniture, and at the ſame Time a very corrupt Heart.

Ingenious Authors, who have been juſtly admired for their Abilities, frequently ſully the Luſtre of thoſe Abilities, and expoſe themſelves to Cenſure, by publiſhing the moſt trifling, incorrect, and puerile Performances; and leſſen the Value of their Works, by increaſing the Number of them.

The Tragedy of *Cato* abounds with noble Sentiments elegantly expreſſed, but it is the cold Production of a *Poet*, not the animated Performance of a *Genius*; there is too much Declamation, and too little Paſſion in it.

Addiſon deſerves, in my Opinion, to be blamed for placing Suicide in ſo favourable a Light. He ſhould have conſidered that his Countrymen rather wanted Diſſuaſives from, than Incentives to, ſo impious an Action.

As to the Cooing-Scenes, I can't bear them: They ſeem to be unnaturally introduced. Thoſe only who have a Gallery-Taſte, can reliſh ſuch Scenes in ſuch a Play.

If we attentively reflect on the Situation of *Cato*'s Family and Friends cooped up in *Utica*, we cannot rationally ſuppoſe that they had either Time or Inclination to think of their Amours.

If I had been Governor of a fortified Town, during the *Civil War*, which was every Hour in Danger of being ſurrendered to the Beſiegers, I ſhould have thought a Son and Daughter of mine, ſuperlatively ridiculous, if, amidſt the general Confuſion and Diſtreſs, the former

mer had ſigh'd for a pretty Girl belonging to one of the Magiſtrates, and if the latter had whined for a ſmart young Officer belonging to the Garriſon.

The Machinery of the Witches in *Macbeth*, have a very fine Effect, by the Contrivance of the inimitable Writer of it; but if an Author, in this enlighten'd Age, ſhould attempt to embelliſh his Tragedy with thoſe Perſonages, he would be juſtly hiſſed and hooted at, for his Folly and Temerity.

Shakeſpear fell in with the public Taſte; the Author, therefore, who expects public Applauſe, ſhould follow *his* Example.

If *Shakeſpear* was now alive, he would never introduce a Ghoſt, a Fairy, or a Witch, but catch the Manners of the Age, and purſue the Footſteps of *Faſhion* through all their Windings and Variations.

Otway is, I think, next to *Shakeſpear*, the beſt Tragic-Writer in our Language. He touches the Soul.

At the Repreſentation of ſome of our modern Tragedies, one is inclined to nod: But if a Man has the leaſt Spark of Senſibility, he will never be ſeized with a drowſy Fit at *The ORPHAN*, or, *VENICE PRESERV'D.*

Authors who are fond of ſwelling their Works, by huddling together a Heap of needleſs Quotations from other Authors, though they are extremely bright and well-adapted, are as cenſurable as the Cook would be who ſhould ſend up a Diſh, conſiſting only of Garlick, Aſſa-Fœtida, Chian-Butter, and ſuch fiery Ingredients, which may be very palatable when moderately ſprinkled among Sauces, but are very unfit for a Meal.

Every obſcure Paſſage which I meet with in an Author's Book, convinces me

me that his Thoughts were very confuſed, when he wrote it.

If we underſtand a Thing clearly ourſelves, we naturally communicate it with Perſpicuity to others.

An Author may, by ſhutting himſelf up in his Library, and converſing only with his Leather-Companions, produce an excellent *Tragedy*; but before he can produce an excellent *Comedy*, he muſt be thoroughly acquainted with every Leaf, and every Line, in that great Volume, *The World.*

Some who are juſtly eſteemed Writers of the firſt Claſs in the Republic of Letters, are not favoured with converſible Talents, and others who are looked upon as the exhilarating Genii of every private Circle, make a poor Figure when they appear in Print.

An Author who profeſſes to cure the mental Maladies of his Fellow-Creatures, ſhould, like a ſkilful Phyſician, not only

take care that the Medicines he preſcribes are of a ſalutary Nature, but that they ſhould be peculiarly proper for the Conſtitution of his Patient.

Some are of ſo delicate a Structure, that a ſtrong Doſe of ſound Morality, and a Cathartic of Religion, turn their Brains, and make them light-headed: They ſtare like a ſecond-ſighted *Scot*, and, like him, ſee Things inviſible by the ſober Eye of Reaſon purged from the Films of Fancy.

In this Caſe, a gentle allegoric Fable ſhould be made uſe of, decorated with *witching Rhymes*, as Boluſſes are with *Leaf-Gold*.

It is not ſo much by the good Choice of expreſſive and harmonious Words, as by a judicious Arrangement of them, that an Author ſteals your Attention, prepoſſeſſes you in his Favour, and makes you loth to lay down his Book.

The

The attempting to expreſs common Things out of the common Way, often prompts an Author to expreſs his Sentiments in an affected Manner, and to write in a conceited Style.

Pedanticus is a Man of Learning and Genius. His Imagination is lively, and his Judgment is ſound: But with all the Advantages which he has received from Nature and from Art, *Pedanticus* diſguſts more Readers than he delights. He is certainly to be ranked among Writers of the firſt Claſs, though he is frequently cenſurable for the Arrogance of his Aſſertions, and the Uncouthneſs of his Phraſeology. By aiming to be a ſpirited and nervous Writer, he is guilty of Boldneſs, which, in a leſs eminent Author, would be condemned with the utmoſt Severity: And by aiming to be a pompous one, is too apt to make uſe of high-flown, turgid, and bombaſtical Expreſſions: Expreſſions

which ſavour too much of the *College*, to be reliſhed by any Body but a mere Scholar.

Pedanticus talks with as much Solemnity about a Snuff-Box, or a Fan, as if he was haranguing on a Chymical Apparatus, or a political Paradox.—You cannot but be charmed with the Dignity of his Style on ſome Occaſions, and diſpleaſed with it on others, though he treats of all Subjects, trifling as well as ſerious, with the greateſt Correctneſs and Perſpicuity.

The Author of a Pamphlet on natural and artificial Society, (lately printed) is much to blame, I think, for endeavouring to make the firſt more eligible than the laſt; and is guilty too of Ingratitude, becauſe he has been enabled by the Advantages he has received from artificial Society, to write ſo fluently and ſeverely againſt it.

No Writer is ſo generally entertaining as the Relator of Events, and no *Relations* pleaſe ſo much as thoſe which gratify Curioſity, keep Attention awake, and intereſt the Paſſions.

B.

BENEFICENCE.

TO beſtow a Benefit without any intereſted Views, is to do Good in the moſt pleaſurable Manner.

Extravagance is very often miſtaken for Beneficence. If a Man diſtreſſes himſelf or his Family in order to be extolled for his Liberality, he may be called profuſe, but not ſurely beneficent.

A Man of a truly beneficent Diſpoſition, will not ſpend a Shilling imprudently.

He who can pleaſe himſelf with ſeeing his Name glittering on the Wall of

an Hoſpital or a Church, whilſt his Family are groaning under the Gripe of Poverty, without Raiment and without Food, is not laudably charitable, but vain-glorioufly liberal, and oſtentatiouſly munificent: Not actuated by Prudence and Philanthropy, but prompted by Folly and Pride.

Beneficence conſiſts not in the Number, but in the prudent Diſtribution of our pecuniary Favours.

BIGOTRY.

Bigotry and Superſtition tear up all amiable Qualities by the Roots, drive Humanity, Benevolence and Gratitude out of the Heart, and make no Diſtinction between Friends and Enemies. The moſt endearing Connexions, the moſt pleaſing Attachments, Friendſhips, and Relationſhips are diſſolved by them.

That

That Bigotry and Superſtition are the governing Principles of the Papiſts, every Body knows: The worſt Principles by which Men can be governed. — Thoſe who are actuated by them, are ſo defective in Charity (that glorious Characteriſtic of Chriſtianity) that they will not allow any Perſon to be worthy of Salvation out of the Pale of their own Church. — So far are they from allowing the Scriptures to be the ſole Guides of our Faith and Practice, that they boldly and impudently ſet up the Traditions of their Church in Oppoſition to them, and require to thoſe Traditions an abſolute and ſlaviſh Submiſſion. Ignorance with them is the Mother of Devotion, and their religious Principles are ſo big with Abſurdities and Follies, that a Man of Senſe would rather be inclined to pity, than to puniſh them, were they not, at the ſame Time, ſuch inveterate Enemies to the civil Liberties of Man-

Mankind, that nothing but a total Reſignation of the Right of private Judgment (the noble Foundation of Proteſtantiſm) can ſave a Man from their *Anathemas:* For he who refuſes to reſign that Right, is ſure of ſuffering all the cruel Tortures which bad Men, inveſted with abſolute Authority, can inflict: Nay, Death itſelf, if their Paſſions are over-heated; and they would undoubtedly undergo the Puniſhment of Damnation too, if their Puniſhers were as powerful as they are wicked.

BLUSHES.

Bluſhes are not always the Signs of Innocence and Modeſty: Nor are Tears always the Signatures of Grief. A Face is ſometimes crimſoned with Bluſhes of Guilt and Reſentment, and ſometimes bedewed with Tears of Joy, Envy, Vexation, Tenderneſs and Surprize.

BOOKS.

BOOKS.

No Man ever learnt the Uſe of Books by poring over them.

An ingenious Preface to a dull Book, is like a ſhowy Front to a ſhabby Houſe.

The Value of a Book is not to be eſtimated by its Bulk, but by the Treaſure which it contains, as a Statue is not to be admired merely for its Size, but its ſymmetrical Beauty.

How to bear Proſperity without Exultation, and Adverſity without Dejection, Books, if diſcreetly uſed, will inform us.

Books are the moſt agreeable Companions: Books are the ſincereſt Friends. They come to us when we are moſt at leiſure to receive their Viſits, converſe with us free from Reſerve; amuſe us without Impertinence, and inſtruct us without Gall.

By

By excluding himſelf from Society, and poring over a Multitude of Volumes, a Man may cram his Head with literary Stores, but he muſt do ſomething more, in order to acquire Wiſdom. — He muſt *think*, he muſt *converſe*, as well as *read*, otherwiſe his Learning will be of no Service to himſelf or to the World.

When the Taſte for reading cannot be tickled but by obſcene Hints and *double Meanings*, by which only one Thing can be meant by the Author, his Reader muſt have a very corrupt and vitiated Appetite.

He who travels through Books with the Rapidity of a Courier, only fills his Mind with a confuſed Heap of Ideas, which, inſtead of affording Nouriſhment, breed a thouſand Maladies in it, for want of Digeſtion.

Thoſe who read with a malevolent Diſpoſition, are not to be attended to when they deliver their Opinions about it,

it, becauſe their Deciſions cannot be impartial.

BRIGHT BOYS.

Your very bright Boys, ſeldom grow up to be very bright Men; they reſemble certain Flowers which make a ſhowy Appearance while they laſt, but ſoon loſe their Fragrance and their Beauty.

The greateſt Geniuſſes who ever exiſted in the World, ſhone with the brighteſt Luſtre, in the *Summer* of Life.

BUSINESS.

Buſineſs chaces away from the Mind the darkening Fogs of Spleen, and preſerves the Health of the Body, by preventing the Stagnation of the Blood: But Inactivity breeds nothing but Diſtempers in both.—A ſlothful Man, like a ſtanding Pool, is in a putrifying State.

C.

CALUMNY.

THE malicious Whiſpers of back-wounding Calumny, do more Miſchief than all the ſarcaſtical Speeches of bare-faced, clamorous Scurrility.

The Circulators of a ſcandalous Report are as much to be deteſted as the firſt Inventers of it: Though ſome of them endeavour to make you believe they have a very charitable Way of thinking, by aſſuring you they relate what they hear with a great deal of Reluctance.

How full of Venom is that Encomium, which is cloſed with a *But* or an *If?*

CEREMONY.

How many valuable, never-to-be-recalled Moments are ſacrificed to the Adjuſt-

Adjuſtment of minute and unimportant Punctilios, and how many Feuds, and Animoſities are kindled by the moſt trivial Omiſſions!

When I pay a Viſit to an Acquaintance, and am received, formally, with ſuch a Speech as this, "I am exceſſively" "ly glad to ſee you, my dear Friend, "you are the moſt welcome Man alive, "but I really did not expect ſuch good "Company"—I conclude I am an Intruder, and retreat as handſomely as I can.

Whenever there is an Overflow of Civility, we may rationally imagine that Sincerity is wanting.

People who mean well, and are truly polite, are never ceremonious; nor do they ever deal in flouriſhing Expreſſions, which chiefly diſtinguiſh the Profeſſor of Friendſhip from the Friend.

CHEAR-

CHEARFULNESS.

Chearfulneſs is the happy Medium between Levity and Unconcern. Mirth is liable to both theſe Extremes. The former ariſes from an even and gentle, the latter from an irregular and tumultuous Circulation of the animal Spirits. The one is as much ſuperior to the other, as the bright Flame of a Wax-Candle, is to the dull Glimmering of a Ruſh-light.

Vivax is the merrieſt Man in the World, when all ſober People are repoſing on their Pillows.

——————" When the midnight Bell
" Doth with his iron Tongue and brazen Mouth
" Strike *One* unto the drowſy Race of Night."

Vivax's Feſtivity begins. After that Hour he gladdens the Hearts of his laughter-loving Companions. But his Mirth is nothing but a falſe Fire, kindled

dled by high-flavoured Sauces, and intoxicating Liquors. —Viſit this ſprightly Fellow the Morning after a *jolly Bout*, you will find him quite chop-fallen, and be apt to cry out, with *Hamlet*, "where "be your Gibes now? Your Gambols? "Your Songs? Your Flaſhes of Mer-"riment that were wont to ſet the Ta-"ble in a Roar?"—You will find him as ſadly ſerious as if he was juſt emerged from the Cave of *Trophonius*, or the Cell of a *Carthuſian*.

Tranquillus on the other Hand is conſtantly chearful, and ſteadily ſerene; lively but not flighty; neither ſubject to the Freaks of Mirth, nor the Fumes of Melancholy. If he does not ſet the Table in a Roar, he diffuſes a Pleaſure wherever he comes. The Pleaſure which he diffuſes, is not of a noiſy Nature, but it is laſting. He does not *convulſe* his Companions with Laughter, but their

their ſmiling Faces ſufficiently prove how much their Hearts are ſatisfied.

Tranquillus's Equanimity is greatly promoted by the Regularity of his Life. Early Hours, moderate Exerciſe, and temperate Meals preſerve the Health of the Mind as well as that of the Body: All Kinds of Luxury tend to make them both diſeaſed. *Tranquillus* is neither a Bacchanal nor a Stoic; he ſtudies not to extinguiſh, but to regulate his Paſſions and his Appetites, and by ſo doing, indulges them all without Satiety.

CHILDREN.

In the Humours of Children, there is an infinite Variety. Some are remarkably frank, open, and generous, mild, tractable, and influenced with eaſe by the honeyed Accents of Perſuaſion: Others are as remarkable for having wayward and unamiable Propenſities.

The

The Difference in the Complexions of Children may ſometimes be conſtitutional, but generally ariſes from Education.

To Education, and to the Force of Example, the good and bad Qualities of Children, may frequently, I may ſay commonly, be imputed.

On the Education of Children depends, in a great Meaſure, their well-doing both here and hereafter. The firſt Impreſſions ought to be extremely good, becauſe when thoſe are once fixed early, they are ſeldom rooted out afterwards.

Children who are ſuffered to have their own Way in every Reſpect, unnoticed, unawed, and uncontrouled by their Parents, follow the Impulſes of Nature (which generally ſtimulates them to commit Vices and Irregularities) and grow up burdenſome to themſelves, and troubleſome to their fellow Creatures.

As

As the Canvas receives what Colours the Painter chuſes to tinge it with, or as the Clay is moulded by the Hands of the Potter, ſo the Mind of an Infant is ready to receive any Impreſſion that is ſtamped upon it. — How carefully, therefore, ought Parents to make good Impreſſions on the tender, ductile Minds of their Offspring!

By Education, our Paſſions may be curbed, regulated, and kept within proper Bounds, our natural Abilities may be conſiderably enlarged and improved, our Reaſon aſſiſted, *&c. &c.* We may be rendered wiſe as well as knowing, and become uſeful Ornaments to the human Species.

In one Reſpect Nature ſhould be permitted to have its free Courſe, uninterrupted by the correcting Hand of Art. —The Body ſhould be permitted to grow without Reſtraint.

Why

Why have the Sun-burnt *Moors* ſuch fine Shapes?—Why are they ſo ſtrait? Becauſe their infant Sides are never laced.

CLERGYMEN.

The inferior Clergy in this Iſland are too numerous. I know not a more pitiable Object than a Clergyman of Learning, Virtue, and Probity, who is buried in an obſcure Nook of it, with an Income at which a Ticket-Porter, or a Chimney-Sweeper, would turn up his Noſe.

He who puts on the clerical Habit, without having rational Expectations of ſomething better than a ſmall Curacy, is very much to be blamed for his Precipitation.

Young Clergymen are too apt to preach before a Row of illiterate Farmers, with as much ſcholaſtic Pomp, and learned Affectation, as if they were deliver-

delivering their Diſcourſes to a Bench of Biſhops.

Turgidus is a youthful Divine of this Stamp, and takes ſo much Pains to make himſelf admired by his Pariſhioners, that whenever he mounts the Pulpit, they ſicken at the Sight. Some ſtare, others ſnore, but very few comprehend one Word in ten he utters, becauſe he ſelects the moſt crabbed, high-flown Expreſſions, and communicates the plaineſt Truths in the moſt unintelligible and myſtical Manner. He is, in ſhort, more ſollicitous to diſplay his Talents oſtentatiouſly, than to make himſelf uſeful and agreeable by the Employment of them.

If thoſe who devote themſelves to the Service of the Church, and undertake to propagate the Chriſtian Religion, would ſtrictly and ſteadily follow the Example of the great Founder of it, and copy his excellent Method of conveying

veying Inſtruction, they would be more uſeful, and they would be more reſpected.

Pedantry is diſguſting every where, but Pedantry in a Pulpit is inſupportable. Good Senſe is ſufficient there without Erudition.

COMEDIES.

Collier and *Bedford*, though they were ſnarling Critics, made a great many ſhrewd Obſervations on Dramatic Writings, and declaimed againſt the Immorality of the Stage with a becoming Warmth in general, but their Criticiſms, on many Occaſions, are delivered with too much Superciliouſneſs, Affectation, and Partiality.

Many of our firſt-rate Comedies are undoubtedly highly cenſurable, becauſe the witty Authors of them have exhibited Vice in an amiable, and Virtue in a contemptible Light.

Of this Kind are *The Relapſe*, *The Old Batchelor*, *The Country Wife*, *The Provoked Wife*, with many others: But *Wycherley*, *Vanbrugh* and *Congreve*, have ſo much prejudiced us in Favour of their Plays, that a Manager, like a ſkilful Cook, finds it his Intereſt to feaſt the Town with them: And till the Taſte of the Age is more refined, I am afraid we ſhall not be treated with more ſalutary Banquets.

Decency and Delicacy meet with a frigid Reception. An Audience is ready to yawn at a moral Comedy.

COMPASSION.

We ſometimes pity a Man for being unfortunate, when we ſhould blame him for being imprudent; and ſometimes injure the Worthy in Diſtreſs, by beſtowing our Bounty on the Undeſerving.

We

We are ſeldom acquainted with the intrinſic Value of Compaſſion, till we are ſenſible we ſtand in need of it.

Compaſſion is the cordial Drop which Providence throws into the Cup of Sorrow, to leſſen the Nauſeouſneſs of the Draught.

If we are not inclined to pity, and ready to relieve the Afflicted, how can we expect to be pitied, and relieved, when we are oppreſſed with Misfortunes?

He who can ſee me unhappy without Concern, would, perhaps, make me ſo without Heſitation.

Thoſe who endeavour to conceal their Selfiſhneſs and Inhumanity under the Maſk of Prudence, ought to be regarded as Limbs ſevered from the Body of Society, and looked upon as Branches without Leaves, and without Sap, which afford no Shade, and which yield no Fruit.

If thoſe who have injured us are in a calamitous Situation, we ſhould remember they are our Neighbours, though we cannot forget they are our Enemies. We ſhould conſider them as Fellow-Creatures whom we ought to aſſiſt, and not as Adverſaries whom we cannot love, honour, or eſteem.

To ſee Objects worthy of Compaſſion, without being able to relieve them, is to be in a painful Situation. To have an Opportunity of relieving them, is to be in the moſt pleaſurable one imaginable.

How much of the Miſery of human Life might be alleviated, if Mankind would always be ready to aſſiſt each other under the Preſſure of thoſe Calamities to which human Nature is liable!

CON-

CONVERSATION.

The Knowledge we gain by Converſation, is a valuable Supplement to the Knowledge we acquire by Study.

Converſation well or ill choſen, is the beſt or worſt Amuſement we can have recourſe to.

Here and there we find a Man of great Abilities an agreeable Companion: He is, however, a rare Phœnomenon; but we find Numbers who are entertaining in Converſation, without poſſeſſing any extraordinary Talents.

Thoſe pleaſe moſt in Converſation who are well-bred, as thoſe pleaſe moſt in Dancing who are graceful.

The Spirit of Converſation is kept up in the beſt Manner, by a free Interchange of Thoughts, and good-humoured Debates. A meer Echo is as diſagreeable, as a ſturdy Diſputant; nay, in ſome Caſes, much worſe. From the latter

we may, peradventure, receive uſeful Intelligence; but we are often too fondly attached to our own Opinions, and rendered Enemies to Conviction by the Babblings of the former.

The Habit of Thinking in one particular Track, frequently ſpoils our Reliſh for the Converſation of thoſe, who, tho' very deſerving, have not been accuſtomed to converſe on our favourite Topics.

Poets and Painters, Muſic-Maſters and Lawyers, are too apt to diſcover a Partiality to their own Profeſſions, and to diſplay their Knowledge of them without paying any Regard to Time or Place, and thereby make themſelves as diſagreeable as the meer Pedant.

Well-bred Men always endeavour to ſuit their Converſation to the Company they meet with, but Coxcombs of all Sorts, treat their Company with Contempt,

tempt, and ſuffer none to talk but themſelves.

The former, if they are conſcious of having ſuperior Abilities, aim by the niceſt Addreſs, to conceal that Superiority, but the latter diſplay their Talents in order to triumph.

The well-bred Man is deſirous only to *pleaſe:* The Coxcomb is only deſirous to *ſhine.*

It is very diverting to hear a Man, ſuperficially acquainted with ſeveral Branches of polite Literature, debating with an Antagoniſt of ſound Erudition.

The former diſcovers his *Shallowneſs*, by venting a multitude of pompous Expreſſions, and injudicious Reflections; and the latter gives ſolid Proofs of his *Depth*, by the Propriety of every Word, and the Juſtneſs of every Obſervation.

There are more Diſputes in the World about Words, than about Things; and

moſt of them are about Words and Things of no Conſequence.

The Advantages which the two Sexes gain by herding together, are innumerable. Men would be *ſtupid Animals* if they had not frequent Interviews with Women; and Women would be very unconverſible Creatures if they did not aſſociate with Men.

A ſenſible Man who has had all the Advantages of a learned Education, is the moſt agreeable, and a letter'd Fool the moſt diſagreeable Companion we can paſs our Time with.

When we go into Company, we ſhould ſtudy to make ourſelves agreeable, by a chearful and good-humoured Behaviour, and not make thoſe we converſe with gloomy, by complaining of our own Uneaſineſſes, or endeavouring to make them diſſatisfied with themſelves and their Affairs.

Corvus

Corvus is never happy but when he is interrupting the Felicity of others. He takes a particular Pleaſure, a ſecret, heart-felt Satisfaction, in making his Acquaintance diſcontented with every Body and every Thing about them. If he meets a Man whoſe Income is ſcanty, he expatiates on the Advantages of Riches, and deafens the Ears of thoſe who are in affluent Circumſtances, with the Knell of Mortality. To married Couples he dwells on the Snugneſs of a ſingle Life, and to the unmarried he exclaims againſt the Solitarineſs of Celibacy. He finds a glaring Fault, a a ſtriking Defect in every Thing you are poſſeſſed of. There are Blemiſhes in your Buſts, your Pictures, and your Drawings; and Flaws in your Jewels, your Glaſſes, and your China. Your Garden is laid out in an unfaſhionable Manner; your Equipage is built in a bad Taſte, and your Flowers are diſpo-

ſed without Elegance.—" Nothing *ecla-*
" *tant*, nothing well fancied." *Gothi-*
ciſm ſtares you in the Face wherever you go.

Corvus one Day met with a young Man of Learning and Merit, who had juſt aſſumed the clerical Habit, and thus accoſted him. " You are too good, " Sir, to make a Figure in the Church. " A petty Curacy in an obſcure Part of " the Kingdom will be your Lot — no " more. Fat Livings, and eccleſiaſtical " Honours, are very ſeldom the Rewards " of Knowledge and Integrity. An ex- " pert Cricket-Player, — a long-headed " Jockey, — a keen Sportſman, — and " Fellows who are ſupple enough to " watch the Looks of a powerful Patron, " and to ſay Ay and No to every Thing " he ſays, theſe are your thriving Men." —In this Manner *Corvus* goes croaking about from Houſe to Houſe, deteſted by all who

who are acquainted with him, and avoided by all who can ſhun him.

Though there are ſeveral Coffee-Houſes in this City frequented by particular Claſſes of Men, who aſſemble together for the Diſcuſſion of particular Topics, there is one Topic which affords Converſation for them all — Politics: A Subject on which the Soldier and the Sailor, the Merchant and the fine Gentleman, the Phyſician harangue with equal Pleaſure and equal Impetuoſity.

This Subject has ſet more well-meaning Folks together by the Ears than any other —— except Religion.

How often is the ſweeteſt Diſpoſition ſowered in a Debate about the *Good of the Nation*, and how ſeldom does a Man take care to *balance his Paſſions*, while he is ſtrenuouſly altercating about the *Balance of Power?*

Some People affect to harangue with Elocution, before they know the Difference

ference between a Pronoun and a Participle, and endeavour to embelliſh their Diſcourſe with the Flowers of Rhetoric, before they are Maſters of their Grammars.

Converſation is a Muſter-Maſter, and not only acquaints us with the the Number of our Troops, but trains them up ready for Employment.

Converſation is attended with ſo many Advantages, that a wiſe Man will rather talk to his Elbow-Chair than keep his Thoughts impriſoned.

Sharp Words and ambiguous Expreſſions which ſeem to mean a great deal, but ſignify nothing, are like the Edges of broken Glaſſes: They ſparkle in your Eyes, and they prick your Fingers, but have no Strength nor Solidity in them.

Too much Openneſs in our Converſation, and too much Levity in our Behaviour, expoſe us to the contemptuous Sarcaſms

Sarcaſms of thoſe who hear us and obſerve us with a formal Gravity, and a frigid Compoſure.

He who ſpeaks like a wiſe Man, but acts like a Fool, is like a tinkling Cymbal, which ſoothes the Ear with a pleaſing Sound, but makes no Impreſſion on the Heart.

COURAGE AND CAUTION.

Courage in a General or an Admiral is not ſufficient without Caution, nor is Caution ſufficient without Courage; but we ſeldom find them happily united in one Man.

Some are urged by Caution to retreat when they might attack with a Probability of ſucceeding, and ſome are prompted by Courage to attack when they ought to retreat.

He only who is both cautious and couragious, knows when to decline, and when to hazard an Engagement.

True

True Courage is not a brutal Intrepidity, but the ſteady reſolve of Virtue, and of Reaſon; and he who vainly thinks to make a Figure in the Camp without their Aſſiſtance, builds his Renown upon a very ſandy Foundation.

CRITICS.

The generality of Critics cenſure and commend injudiciouſly; becauſe they are governed by Partiality, and not by Reaſon.

They are too frequently blind to Defects in the Writings of an Author they eſteem, and to Beauties in the Compoſitions of a Writer they diſlike.

A Critic of Diſcernment and Candor is a very uſeful Man, but ſuch a Critic is a Prodigy.

Fulſome Panegyriſts, and petulant Cavillers ſwarm in abundance, and do an infinite deal of Miſchief, by dreſſing up *Error* in the Robes of *Truth*.

Crito

Crito is a Critic; a minute Critic; a very minute Critic. He will ſquabble with you an Hour about the Choice of an Epithet, and the Poſition of a Parentheſis. He is eminently qualified to ſhine in all Branches of Criticiſm, but Punctuation is his ſupreme Delight. He reads every Book that is publiſhed, in order to find *Errata* among the *Stops*. Nay, he is ſo ardent an Admirer of Correctneſs, that he makes the Letters which he receives from his Friends, though they only contain *domeſtica facta*, fit for the Preſs, by marſhalling the Commas and the Semi-Colons, the Colons and the Periods, with the unwearied Aſſiduity of a *Cruden*.

A caviling Critic, by his malevolent Commentations on the Works of an ingenious Author, may for a while obſcure his Merit, as a black Cloud may the bright Viſage of the Sun; but all his Malevolence only ſerves to make him

him more worthy of a diſtinguiſhed Seat in the *Temple of Fame*.

CURIOSITY.

The firſt Paſſion in a Mind, truly great, is Curioſity; that Paſſion too is the laſt.

CUSTOM.

The Mind is often familiarized by Cuſtom to that which it at firſt regarded with the higheſt Diſguſt.

The true Aſpect of Things is very often concealed from us by Cuſtom, which blinds the Eye of our Judgment.

The Power of Cuſtom is far greater than the generality of Mankind imagine, who frequently call that the Law of Nature, which is only the Effect of Cuſtom.

From whence ariſes the Affection which we ſay every Man naturally bears to his own Country? Some People will tell

tell us that this Affection ſprings from natural Inſtinct, as Birds are fond of their Neſts, and Beaſts of their Dens. But I am rather inclined to think that it ariſes from Habit. Men are prejudiced in Favour of their native Land, becauſe they have been accuſtomed to its Laws, its Manners and its Climate.

As the good or bad Diſpoſitions of the Mind may be rendered better or worſe, by a proper or improper Culture, ſo may the Body be ſtrengthened or weakened by Cuſtom.

The bonny *Highlander*, who lives in a Climate remarkable for its Bleakneſs, feels no Inconveniences from the Northern Blaſts, while he ſtrides barefoot over his ſnow-clad Mountains in the Depth of Winter.

The tendereſt Conſtitution may be brought to endure any Climate but that which is rigorous enough to arreſt the Blood in the midſt of its Courſe.

D.

D.

DEATH.

THE Contempt of Death is ſometimes owing to a brutal Intrepidity, ſometimes to an unfeeling Diſpoſition, and ſometimes to a Diſreliſh of Exiſtence, but very ſeldom to a rationally-grounded Expectation of a happy Futurity.

To die, is as natural as to be born, and he will never lead a Life of Contentment, who cannot think of Death with Compoſure.

'Tis ridiculous, 'tis prepoſterous to be diſguſted with a Banquet, becauſe we are not able to eat and drink for ever.

Many People who ſhudder at the Thoughts of dying, deſtroy their Lives by thoſe Methods which they take to preſerve them.

DEBAUCHEES.

The Man who can pleaſe himſelf with the Thoughts of having decoyed virtuous and innocent Virgins to grant him the *laſt Favour*, by a ſolemn Promiſe of Marriage, (that too often ſucceſsful Bait) when he has gratified his importunate Deſires, muſt be of a Diſpoſition particularly vile, malignant, and corrupt. And the Man who can deſert a Woman after ſhe has put herſelf entirely in his Power, boaſt of his Perfidy, and make her a public Jeſt, "is fit for "Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils." He is a Diſgrace to his Species, and deſerves the Gibbet more than a common Pilferer, becauſe he has taken from her "that which not enriches him, but "makes her poor indeed."

A blighted Beauty in her Autumn, who is always deafening you with enumerating

merating oſtentatiouſly her Spring-Conqueſts, is an Object of Contempt, but not half ſo ridiculous as a batter'd grey-headed Rake, who is perpetually ſurfeiting you with nauſeous Narratives of his youthful Debaucheries.

There cannot be a more contemptible Object than a libidinous old Man, who is tortured with the impetuous Deſires of Youth, without its Abilities.

When I ſee a grey Wretch of this Stamp at the Play-Houſe, with his Eyes roguiſhly twinkling, while the moſt luſcious Scene in a wanton Comedy is repreſenting, I look at him at once with Compaſſion and Abhorrence. I pity him for having ſuch a Propenſity to Lewdneſs in the Winter of Life, and deſpiſe him for not endeavouring to conceal that Propenſity in Public.

DEBTS.

DEBTS.

To be in debt is to be a Slave: He, therefore, who has a true Notion of Liberty will endeavour to ſatisfy his Creditors as ſoon as he can.

DELICACY.

The Generality of very delicate People are ſhocked on ſuch trivial Occaſions, that one is inclined to think they have very indecent Ideas.

I once heard a *delicate* Gentleman ſay, that there was an *indelicate* Paſſage in a celebrated Monody on the Death of a Lady. I was ſurprized at his Aſſertion, and intreated him to point it out.—He repeated the following Lines,

> " O dearer far to me,
> " Than when thy Virgin Charms
> " Were yielded to my Arms;"

and added, " The Author ſhould not " have put his Reader in mind of the

" *firſt*

" *firſt* Night, while he was lamenting " the *laſt*."

DESPAIR.

Deſpair is of a very chilling Quality; it freezes the Powers of Nature, and is the Cauſe of half the unlucky Accidents in the World.

To work oneſelf into a Belief, by liſtening to the Croakings of Deſpondency, that the Enterprize we are going to undertake cannot be executed by a human Being, is the ſureſt Way to make the Execution of it impoſſible.

Deſpair is the Child of *Fear*, the Nurſling of *Sloth*, and the *Pupil* of Impatience.

DIET.

In the Choice of our Table-furniture, we ſhould, I think, be partial to that Diet which contributes, not to gratify the

the Cravings of Fancy, but the Longings of Nature.

High-ſeaſoned Viands, and high-flavoured Liquors, make us high-ſpirited for awhile, but we generally feel Inconveniences by giving a looſe to our Appetites at a luxurious Banquet.

What ſignify all the culinary Artifices of the beſt *Chef de Cuiſine* in Chriſtendom? They only give Reaſon a Soporific, that the Paſſions may have a Holiday, without being interrupted by her magiſterial Admonitions and Reprehenſions.

Thoſe who live temperately and exerciſe their Bodies with Moderation, generally ſit down to their Meals with a ſpirited Appetite, which the Indolent and the Luxurious ſeldom feel.

Temperance and Exerciſe are Stimulations far ſuperior to all culinary Provocatives, becauſe they are the Stimulations of Nature.

Plain

Plain Diet, moderately given, is not only neceſſary for the Health of the Body, but for the Welfare of the Mind. The perturbing Paſſions of the latter, and the peccant Humours of the former, may be very much kept under, if they cannot be totally cured, by Temperance.

DISCONTENT.

Thoſe who are too curious to explore every remote Object of refined Diſtreſs, block up all the Avenues to Felicity. Their Wayward Minds reject the moſt nutrimental Food, or imbitter the healing Draught which would remove, perhaps, their Diſquietudes.

DISTANCE.

Proſpects affect us not ſo much when they are obſcured by Diſtance. Every Pleaſure grows brighter by Approximation,

tion, and every Danger is more alarming the nearer it approaches.

DISTRESS.

Diſtreſs is very frequently the Mother of Reflection.—Plans for the acquiſition of Wealth are often formed under the Preſſures of Poverty.

DRESS.

Dreſs has many Advantages, which are increaſed by a poliſhed, plauſible Behaviour, and both together make ſtrong Impreſſions on thoſe whom we accoſt in our Favour.

By the help of theſe external Advantages, Men with very ſlender Abilities often make their Fortunes; while thoſe who poſſeſs the greateſt internal Accompliſhments, are cruſhed by Indigence, and buried in Obſcurity.

DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenneſs is one of the foulest Vices with which human Nature can be ſtained. It poiſons the Springs of Health, unhinges the Mind, and renders a Man more deſpicable than a Beaſt.

Drunkenneſs makes his Votaries diſcover Secrets which ought never to be revealed, and urges them to be frantic, quarrelſome, and laſcivious. He whoſe Senſes are benumbed by the intoxicating Juice, which this wily Enchanter allures them to taſte, ceaſes to be a rational Being, and can only be known to be a human Creature by his outward Form.

He who drinks away his rational Faculties, is, in truth, guilty of every Crime which he is liable to commit from the Want of them.

Fatal Events ariſe from a Drinking-bout *often*, diſagreable ones *always*.

Great

Great is the Power of Wine, and dangerous is it to circulate the Bottle or the Bowl with too much Velocity.

Wine throws the Judgment into a Lethargy, and the Imagination into a Fever.

When a Man drinks only with himſelf, the Glaſs comes about too often.

A Man who drinks with the utmoſt Caution is apt, out of a *gaieté du cœur*, to ſpeak his Mind too freely, and to vent Expreſſions, for the Utterance of which he is heartily ſorry on a Retroſpect of his Behaviour during the Moments of Merriment.

He who takes in more Liquor than Nature requires to alleviate the Pain of Thirſt, is not his own Maſter; but he who gives the Reins to his Paſſions, and drinks for the Sake of the Liquor itſelf, is abſolutely enſlaved by them. He is then under their Guidance, and is

often driven by them to commit the moſt unwarrantable Outrages.

What a deſpicable Figure does that Man make, who has rendered himſelf incapable of performing the Duties and Offices of a rational Creature, by extinguiſhing the Lights which Reaſon kindly hung out for the Direction of his Footſteps!

Drunkenneſs is a Vice more deteſtable in a married Man, than in a Batchelor, becauſe our Crimes are tinged with a blacker Dye when others are affected with them as well as ourſelves.

To be drunk with ſome People, is to ſet Fire to ſo many Barrels of Gunpowder; they burſt into a violent Exploſion, blow up the Powder-Room, and are buried in the Ruins.

Pleaſing Liquors ſteal away a Man from himſelf, make the Paſſions and Appetites triumph over Reaſon, and expoſe

poſe him perpetually to the Arrows of *Deſtruction*.

As Reaſon is the Faculty by which human Nature is particularly diſtinguiſhed, the Suppreſſion of that Faculty is the *ne plus ultra* of a Being endowed with it.

Thoſe who are able to bear a great deal of Liquor without being fluſtered, are generally ſo fond of letting their Companions ſee what *choice Spirits* they are, that they ramble beyond the Boundaries of *Sobriety*, and encroach upon the Frontiers of *Inebriation*.

DUELLING.

If thoſe who are fond of ſignalizing themſelves in the Fields of falſe Honour, were to be treated after every Rencounter with the utmoſt Contempt, wherever they went, the Number of Duelliſts would, in all probability, be leſſened: But while they are received in

polite Circles with Careſſes, and eſteemed for their perſonal Courage, this ſort of Heroiſm will not, I am afraid, be cenſured with a becoming Severity.

E.

ENVY.

CONTEMPT is very often *Envy* in Diſguiſe.

There are many People whoſe Hearts are ſo corrupted by that Canker-worm Envy, that they can never hear of the Succeſſes of their Neighbours, without feeling Twitches of Diſcontent, nor be in their Company without endeavouring to damp their Delights, by ſtunning their Ears with the Precarioufneſs of all ſublunary Enjoyments, and the Certainty of leaving them.

Malevolus was invited ſome Weeks ago by *Humanis* to ſpend a Day with him at his Villa. *Humanis*, before Dinner,

ner, conducted him to his Fields and to his Gardens, and shewed him all the Alterations and Improvements in the first and in the last. *Malevolus* attended him with a Heart ready to burst with Envy, and after having faintly commended his Possessions and his Taste, thus accosted him — "Ay, *Humanis*, "these are the Things which make "Death terrible. Your Possessions are "large and well laid out, but alas! "you must one Day relinquish them "for ever."

By envying our Superiors, we are more smartingly sensible of their Superiority.

By envying those who are beneath us, we make them our Equals.

To repine because others are fortunate, is to find fault with the Dispensations of the Deity, and to quarrel with him for exercising his most amiable Attribute.

By patiently bearing the Attacks of Envy, you often become her Conqueror. Fire, when it receives no Fuel, is ſoon by itſelf extinguiſhed.

EQUANIMITY.

After we have roamed abroad, *ſtrenuâ inertiâ*, in queſt of Felicity, and fatigued ourſelves with vain Purſuits, we ſhall find that no Place can make us happy *animus ſi nos deficit æquus.*

EXERCISE.

Exerciſe tends to the Welfare of the Body and the Mind, but a ſedentary Life is pernicious to both.

It is for Want of the firſt, and by encouraging the laſt, that Men frequently grow ſplenetic, and Women vapouriſh.

The ſedentary Student who drudges in the Fields of Literature, experiences all the Fatigue of the toiling Hind, without reaping his Advantages. The latter

latter is healthy, ſtout, and chearful: He feeds heartily, ſleeps ſoundly, and returns to ſweat for a Livelihood, active with new Spirits, and vigorous with new Strength: The former, on the contrary, is weak, gloomy, and diſtempered: He eats without an Appetite, dozes without Reſt, and impairs his Body while he improves his Mind.

The Mind ought to be exerciſed as well as the Body, otherwiſe it will, like that, be preyed upon by a thouſand Diſorders.

The Mind reſembles a Garden, if you don't take Care to embelliſh it with Flowers, enrich it with Fruit, and ſtock it well with wholeſome Herbs and ſalutary Roots, it will be over-run with Fungus's, and defaced with Weeds.

The Mind is benefitted by Labour as well as the Body; Labour cruſhes the Bloſſoms of Idleneſs, the bewitching Fragrance of which, often lulls us into a State of Inſenſibility, and makes us

unwilling and unfit to perform the Duties we owe our God, our King, our Country, and Ourſelves.

The Mind, which is always purſuing Knowledge without Relaxation, injures its groſſer Companion; and if it remains in a State of Inactivity, preys upon itſelf, and is tortured by Pangs far more excruciating than any which can oppreſs the Body.

The Mind, when it has been long withheld from a favourite Purſuit, returns to it with redoubled Satisfaction. The Pleaſures of the Country, and the Diverſions of the Town, are enjoyed by Interchange, with a higher *Guſto*. A conſtant Repetition of either, without temporary Retreats, would create Languor and Satiety.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

It is the Height of Folly to dazzle the Eyes of Mankind with a Splendor, which

which you cannot always ſupport without diminiſhing its Luſtre.

He who with a Thouſand a Year, lives in ſuch a Manner, as to make the World believe he has three Times that Income, is ſuperlatively ſilly, and muſt be at length reduced to very diſhonourable Shifts.

Extravagant Men often beggar themſelves becauſe they are aſhamed of Poverty, and covetous Men frequently live like Beggars becauſe they are afraid of it.

F.

FAME.

THOSE who ſhut their Ears that they may not hear themſelves celebrated by the Voice of Fame, deſerve not to be applauded by her.

The Love of Fame often ſpurs a Man to perform noble Actions, but as often ſtimulates

ſtimulates him to commit inglorious Deeds.

There are many People ſo blinded by this Paſſion, that they will rather ſignalize themſelves in the moſt infamous Manner, than ſteal through the World unnoticed by Popularity.

There is not a more certain Way for Men of Rank and Fortune to obtain immortal Fame, than by encouraging the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences, and patronizing all Branches of Literature.

They who are actuated by theſe Motives, will be revered by the lateſt Generations. Their Names will be remembered with Applauſe, and the Actions will be recorded with Delight.

FASHION.

We are often induced by *Faſhion* to be too intimately acquainted with Folly.

When

When we admire any Thing becauſe we hear it is *violently cried up* by the polite World, we are generally more eager in the Purſuit of it, than if we had been prompted to admire it by Inclination.

Many Things not only uſeleſs but ugly, are fondly careſſed and thought *vaſtly charming* as ſoon as they become faſhionable.

High-flown and unintelligible Rants are frequently received with loud Marks of Applauſe, when they are uttered with Vociferation by a faſhionable Player, and the fineſt Sentiments are frequently diſregarded, when they are pronounced by an unfaſhionable Performer.

When *Barry*, in the Character of *Hotſpur*, talks of "diving into the Bottom of the Sea," and "pulling up "drowned Honour by the Locks," three Parts of the Houſe make their Hands ſore, becauſe he opens his Mouth from

from Ear to Ear, in order to be clapped into Celebrity. But if *Ryan* ſhould thunder out thoſe bombaſtic Expreſſions with *his* unharmonious Voice, he would ſoon be hiſſed into Silence.

If Speeches are "full of Sound and "Hurry, ſignifying nothing," why ſhould muſical Tones prejudice us in favour of them? If they have Merit, why ſhould harſh ones prejudice us againſt them? — But all Enquiries of this Sort will be needleſs, while *Faſhion* has the necromantic Art to make florid Nonſenſe captivate the Town, and plain Senſe diſguſt it.

What a Heap of Abſurdities are daily committed becauſe "one would not be "unfaſhionable?"

FEAR. (See Timidity.)

Fear is Danger's Shadow, and like that of our Bodies appears larger, when the Cauſe of it is fartheſt from it.

To

To pore always on the dark Side of the Cloud, and to anticipate our Sorrows, is to reſemble thoſe who ſhorten their Lives, by terrifying themſelves with the Fear of Death.

People of a timorous Diſpoſition, are apt to be aſhamed of being thought fearful, for want of conſidering that Fear is an involuntary Convulſion, and that a Man is no more to be blamed or deſpiſed for having a Fear-fit, than for having an Ague-fit.

A fearful Man only appears in a contemptible Light, when he undertakes to perform Actions which cannot be executed without Reſolution and Intrepidity.

How many puſillanimous Men, dreading to be thought Cowards, are animated by Pride and a Senſe of Shame, to expoſe themſelves needleſsly to Ridicule, by attempting to give Proofs of their Bravery and their Fortitude!

No

No Man can be blamed for being of a cowardly Complexion, becauſe no Man creates himſelf: But no Man of ſuch a Complexion ſhould think of purchaſing a military Commiſſion.

A Man cannot root out the Weakneſſes of Nature, but he may ſhelter himſelf from Contempt by concealing them.

FLATTERY.

Flattery is ſo very inſinuating, that I am not ſurprized to ſee ſo many People of all Ages, Ranks, and Conditions, intoxicated by it.

Flowery Speeches, and well-timed Compliments, ſeldom fail to give us Delight, though we are thoroughly convinced at the ſame Time that they mean nothing; and a few Sentences ſpoken abruptly, often raiſe Diſguſt, though they are uttered, perhaps, with a benevolent Intention. — So bewitching is a polite,

polite, ſo ſhocking an uncivil Behaviour!

Some People affect to be blunt, in order to be thought ſincere, and others, by affecting to be polite, are thought void of Sincerity. How hard is it to hit the happy Medium between Rudeneſs and Adulation!

Haughtineſs and Brutality may ſour your Temper, but Flattery, if it is not adminiſtered with the niceſt Addreſs, makes you ſick.

We are more frequently flattered into Virtue, than ſnarled out of Vice.

We are very ready to launch out into Praiſe of Sincerity, and to rail againſt thoſe whoſe Words and Actions are always at Variance; but notwithſtanding our declared Averſion to Flattery, we are ſecret Admirers of it; for we are never pleaſed with diſagreeable Truths, never diſpleaſed with agreeable Falſehoods.

The

The World is ſo full of Compliment and Deceit, that if a Man ſpeaks what he thinks, he will be thought "exceſſively ill-bred."

Flattery is the meaneſt Kind of Diſſimulation; yet the meaneſt Men are not alone caught in its Toils: The Wiſeſt are often lured into the Snares which it ſpreads for them.

FORTITUDE.

We ſhould always attentively conſider the Difference between Indolence and Reſignation, Submiſſion and Timidity: For though it is criminal to murmur and repine at the Calamities of Life, it is certainly laudable to ſtruggle with them, and to endeavour to ſurmount them.

To make ourſelves uneaſy about Difficulties which we cannot remove, is abſurd, becauſe to grieve about ſuch Difficulties is to grieve in vain.

He

He ſhows the moſt true Wiſdom, who bears the Rebuffs of Fortune with Reſolution, and endeavours to lighten the Load which he cannot throw off, inſtead of increaſing the Weight of his Burthen, by making fruitleſs Efforts to diſengage himſelf from it.

FORTUNE.

The Majority of the World, the οἱ πολλοί, watch the Glances of Fortune with the greateſt Aſſiduity: They ſmile upon thoſe whom ſhe favours with her placid Looks, and frown on thoſe from whom ſhe averts her Eyes.

The Rich are always careſſed, be they ever ſo bad, and the Poor buffeted, be they ever ſo good.

Fortune blindly throws her periſhable Toys among her gaping Admirers, and at Random withdraws them.

Thoſe who depend on her Bounty for their Happineſs, are perpetually fluctuating

The World is ſo full of Compliment and Deceit, that if a Man ſpeaks what he thinks, he will be thought "exceſſively ill-bred."

Flattery is the meaneſt Kind of Diſſimulation; yet the meaneſt Men are not alone caught in its Toils: The Wiſeſt are often lured into the Snares which it ſpreads for them.

FORTITUDE.

We ſhould always attentively conſider the Difference between Indolence and Reſignation, Submiſſion and Timidity: For though it is criminal to murmur and repine at the Calamities of Life, it is certainly laudable to ſtruggle with them, and to endeavour to ſurmount them.

To make ourſelves uneaſy about Difficulties which we cannot remove, is abſurd, becauſe to grieve about ſuch Difficulties is to grieve in vain.

He

He ſhows the moſt true Wiſdom, who bears the Rebuffs of Fortune with Reſolution, and endeavours to lighten the Load which he cannot throw off, inſtead of increaſing the Weight of his Burthen, by making fruitleſs Efforts to diſengage himſelf from it.

FORTUNE.

The Majority of the World, the οἱ πολλοί, watch the Glances of Fortune with the greateſt Aſſiduity: They ſmile upon thoſe whom ſhe favours with her placid Looks, and frown on thoſe from whom ſhe averts her Eyes.

The Rich are always careſſed, be they ever ſo bad, and the Poor buffeted, be they ever ſo good.

Fortune blindly throws her periſhable Toys among her gaping Admirers, and at Random withdraws them.

Thoſe who depend on her Bounty for their Happineſs, are perpetually fluctuating

ting between Hope and Fear. The wiſe Man is equally indifferent about her Smiles and Frowns. He is neither depreſſed by the latter, nor by the former elated: He pays his heart-felt Adorations to Virtue, who rewards his Piety with a Gift far more valuable than all the Treaſures which Fortune can beſtow.—That Gift is CONTENTMENT.

When *Fortune* ſurprizes us with her Favours, ſhe doubles the Value of them.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP.

The Loſs of a valuable Friend is a ſevere Shock, which thoſe only who have Hearts ſuſceptible of Compaſſion, can have an adequate Idea of.

Haſty Intimacies are rarely permanent, becauſe a few perſonal Attractions are more conſidered by thoſe who cull their Favourites, than the valuable Qualities of the Heart.

The

The Friendſhips of the World are generally "Leagues of Pleaſure," or "Confederacies in Vice:" Thoſe only can flouriſh long which have Virtue, Affection, and Eſteem for their Baſis.—Then, and then only, they "end not "but with Life."

Nothing, I believe, ſooner tends to make Friendſhips of ſhort Duration, than the Indiſcretion of the contracting Parties with Regard to their *Circumſtances*.

I am inclined to think that a Friendſhip cannot be firmly rooted, unleſs there is an Equality in Fortune, as well as in Temper and Underſtanding.

With ſuch a triple Alliance, indeed, two Perſons may be a *Niſus* and a *Euryalus* as long as they live.—But the Inſtances of perpetual Attachments are very rare.

How often, "in the Courſe of one revolving Moon," is a Friendſhip begun,

gun, continued, and broken off; equally rapid in its Riſe, its Progreſs, and its Concluſion!

The injudicious Freedoms which People take with each other in Public, are great Checks to the Perpetuity of Friendſhip.

Men of bright Parts will ſay rude Things to their moſt intimate Companions at the moſt improper Seaſons, and in the moſt improper Places. They will expoſe their Foibles and ſatirize their Vices before thoſe from whom they wiſh chiefly to conceal them.

Theſe Sparklers, theſe Fellows of Wit and Fire, who would rather make a Man of Worth their Foe, than curb the Sallies of a lively Imagination, are the Peſts of Converſation and Society, the Harmony of which they frequently interrupt by ill-natured Conceits, and ill-timed Merriment.

Thoſe

Thoſe who have a conſtant, even Diſpoſition to pleaſe and to be pleaſed; who are deſirous to point out the good, and to throw a Veil over the bad Qualities of their Relations, their Friends, and their Acquaintance; whoſe Gaiety is free from Buffoonery, whoſe Wit is free from Gall, and whoſe Learning is without Pedantry; who neither hide their Talents through Sullenneſs, nor diſplay them with an Air of Inſolence and Triumph: Thoſe only are the Men with whom we may paſs our Days with Safety and Satisfaction, with Profit and with Pleaſure.

I will not preſume to aſſert, that it is impoſſible to meet with diſintereſted Friendſhip in our Commerce with the World, but I am fully perſuaded that it is extremely difficult. A kind of negative Friendſhip is, indeed, common enough. A Man, for Inſtance, will ſtart at the Thoughts of injuring the Perſon whom he

he calls his Friend; but he will not make the leaſt Effort to promote his Intereſt, or to increaſe his Felicity; to multiply his Pleaſures, or to diminiſh his Cares.

"I wiſh you well," is the Salutation in Vogue.—But what, alas! is mere wiſhing?—Mere wiſhing without an active Endeavour to be in ſome Shape ſerviceable, may extort, perhaps, a cold, "I thank you," from the Lips, but it can never make the Heart bound with Joy, and overflow with Gratitude.

A Man who meets with croſs Accidents, and Diſappointments in his Journey through Life, will have a better Chance for Relief, (and good Treatment too) by addreſſing himſelf to the Public, than by ſolliciting Favours from thoſe who profeſs to have the higheſt Regard, Affection, and Eſteem for him.

The

The Public often relieve Objects in a diſtreſsful Condition without minutely enquiring into the Cauſes of their Misfortunes, and without Upbraidings: But private Friends ſeldom know how to be generous with Politeneſs, to confer a Benefit, and to ſpare a Bluſh at the ſame Time.

If I muſt hear a Lecture on Extravagance from the Perſon who relieves my Wants, I cannot but feel in an awkward Situation. The Kindneſs of the Preſent, in that Caſe, is very much leſſened by the Unkindneſs of the Rebuke.

Our Friends often injure us by throwing a Veil over our Follies, and our Enemies often benefit us by revealing them.

A Man may as well take a Viper into his Boſom, as repoſe a Confidence in an indiſcreet Friend.

he calls his Friend; but he will not make the leaſt Effort to promote his Intereſt, or to increaſe his Felicity; to multiply his Pleaſures, or to diminiſh his Cares.

"I wiſh you well," is the Salutation in Vogue. — But what, alas! is mere wiſhing? — Mere wiſhing without an active Endeavour to be in ſome Shape ſerviceable, may extort, perhaps, a cold, "I thank you," from the Lips, but it can never make the Heart bound with Joy, and overflow with Gratitude.

A Man who meets with croſs Accidents, and Diſappointments in his Journey through Life, will have a better Chance for Relief, (and good Treatment too) by addreſſing himſelf to the Public, than by ſolliciting Favours from thoſe who profeſs to have the higheſt Regard, Affection, and Eſteem for him.

The

The Public often relieve Objects in a diſtreſsful Condition without minutely enquiring into the Cauſes of their Misfortunes, and without Upbraidings: But private Friends ſeldom know how to be generous with Politeneſs, to confer a Benefit, and to ſpare a Bluſh at the ſame Time.

If I muſt hear a Lecture on Extravagance from the Perſon who relieves my Wants, I cannot but feel in an awkward Situation. The Kindneſs of the Preſent, in that Caſe, is very much leſſened by the Unkindneſs of the Rebuke.

Our Friends often injure us by throwing a Veil over our Follies, and our Enemies often benefit us by revealing them.

A Man may as well take a Viper into his Boſom, as repoſe a Confidence in an indiſcreet Friend.

We are too apt to idolize the ſhowy, and too ready to diſregard the ſolid Parts of a Character. Hence all the Complaints of broken Vows and empty Proteſtations among Lovers, and among Friends.

Straws ſwim upon the Surface, but Pearls lie at the Bottom. Showy Parts ſtrike every common Eye, but ſolid ones are only to be deſcerned by the moſt accurate Obſervers of the human Head, and human Heart.

Raillery with a Friend is like Dalliance with a Miſtreſs, a Proof of Fondneſs, not a Sign of Diſreſpect.

There is but one Teſt of Friendſhip: A Teſt by which no Body would chuſe to try the Genuineneſs of it, that is Neceſſity: And yet without that it is impoſſible to know whether the Profeſſions of our Friends flow from the Heart, or ſtream only from the Lips.

Among

Among Friends there are Frailties to be diſcovered and Follies to be indulged, which ought to be ſeen only among themſelves.

FRUGALITY.

Men ſhould be frugal while they are young, that they may not be frowned at, and deſerted by the World when they moſt need the Aſſiſtance of it.

To groan under the Weight of Age is painful enough, without be tortured by the additional Preſſures of Poverty.

FUTURITY.

The Belief of a future State is ſo neceſſary for the Support of every Thing worth preſerving in this World, that Man would be a Creature moſt abject and forlorn, if the Apprehenſions of ſuch a State were to be extinguiſhed.

There is naturally implanted in Man, a ſtrong Deſire of Immortality, however

he may endeavour to ſuppreſs it. This Deſire is not limited to one Age or Nation: It has been found univerſally among thoſe who could form the leaſt Conception of it. There never was a Man, I believe, who could totally eradicate it: For the Wretch, who in a deſpairing Fit, flies to Death for Relief, has ſtill a

——— Secret Dread and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought.

ADDISON'S CATO.

At that Inſtant he ſhudders to think of a future State, which he imagines will be miſerable, and wiſhes there was no Reaſon to prefer a total Extinction of his Being. This is a clear and convincing Proof, that the Deſire of Immortality operates very forcibly on him. Beſides, we meet with the ſame Deſire in thoſe who make uſe of all the Arguments they can think of againſt it.

Epicurus,

Epicurus, though he cared not for his Soul's outliving his Body, choſe to believe that his Name would flouriſh after him, and flattered himſelf in his laſt Moments with the Hopes of ſurviving in the Memory of his Diſciples, and with the Applauſes which his philoſophical Pieces would procure him.—*Horace* too, who was one of *Epicurus*'s Followers, flattered himſelf in the ſame Manner.

> Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinam. Uſque ego poſtera
> Creſcam laude recens, ———

What ſolid Advantages, what glorious Privileges has Man above the Beaſts of the Field, the Birds of the Air, or the Fiſh of the Sea, if He and They muſt alike be annihilated by Death? But no Body, I think, who conſiders attentively the human Frame, can ſuppoſe that the Soul which is capable of

ſuch immenſe Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements *ad infinitum*, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created. Is Man ſo nobly conſtructed for no Purpoſe? Brutes come to a Point of Perfection, and can advance no farther. They have all the Attainments they are capable of in a few Years, and if they were ſuffered to exiſt a Million more, would receive no additional ones. But can we imagine that a reaſoning Being that is continually making a Progreſs from Improvement to Improvement, and journeying on from Perfection to Perfection, muſt periſh at the very Commencement of its Enquiries, after having taken a curſory View of its Creator's Works, and diſcovered here and there indubitable Marks of his Omnipotence, Omniſcience, and infinite Goodneſs?

" None that acknowledge God or Providence,
" Their Soul's Eternity did ever doubt,
" For all Religion takes her Root from hence,
" Which no poor, naked Nation lives without.

" For, ſith the World for Man created was,
" (For only Man the Uſe thereof doth know)
" If Man do periſh like the wither'd Graſs,
" How does God's Wiſdom order Things below?

" And if that Wiſdom ſtill wiſe Ends propound,
" Why made he Man of other Creatures King?
" When (if he periſh here) there is not found
" In all the World, ſo poor, and vile a Thing?

" If Death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
" Sith for our Service all Things elſe were wrought,
" That Daws, and Trees and Rocks ſhould laſt ſo long,
" When we muſt in an Inſtant paſs to nought.

" But bleſt be that great Power, that hath us bleſt
" With longer Life than Heaven or Earth can have,
" Which hath infus'd into our mortal Breaſt,
" Immortal Powers not ſubject to the Grave."

Sir JOHN DAVIES.

Man, if we conſider him in his preſent State, ſeems only born to multiply

his Species; not ſent into the World to enjoy Life himſelf, but to tranſmit it to Poſterity. He has not Time to regulate his Paſſions, and correct his Vices, before he is ſummoned to depart.—Is it probable that a Being ſupremely wiſe, ſhould create ſuch noble Creatures for ſo ignoble a Purpoſe? Can *he* be pleaſed with the Formation of ſuch ſhortlived Intelligences? Would he give us Talents and Capacities: Talents never to be exerted, and Capacities never to be gratified?—No ſurely; it is more reaſonable to ſuppoſe that this World is but a Nurſery for the next, and that the numerous Generations which appear and diſappear in ſuch quick Succeſſions are only to receive the firſt Seeds of Exiſtence here, in order to be tranſplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may grow up to Maturity, and flouriſh with an eternal Bloom.

G.

G.

GAMING.

'TIS ſtrange, 'tis wonderous ſtrange, that ſo many Thouſands of both Sexes ſhould be ſo much infatuated by the Love of Play, after the numberleſs Admonitions they have had from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Stage; and after the Havoc they have ſeen made by it in Families innumerable.

Thoſe who are ſeized with the Itch of Gaming, are ſeized with the moſt malignant Diſtemper. The firmeſt Friendſhips, the moſt endearing Connexions, are deſtroyed by this fatal Paſſion, which ſtrikes out of the Heart all amiable, all celeſtial Qualities, and ſubſtitutes in their Room, the moſt deteſtable, the moſt infernal ones.

The Drunkard and the Rake, may, perhaps, by an immoderate Purſuit after

Women, and too briſk a Circulation of the Bottle, be cured of their paſſionate Fondneſs for them, and find no Comforts in a Brothel or a Tavern: But the Gameſter is never cloyed; *his* Appetite his always keen.

Debts contracted at the Gaming-Table are ſtyled Debts of Honour: The Sharper is prefered to the honeſt Tradeſman. — *O Tempora!*

The Man who tramples upon all Laws human and divine, and breaks through the Ties of Society, is held in Eſteem at the politeſt Aſſemblies, and careſſed by the greateſt Perſonages in the Kingdom. — *O Mores!*

Cards and Dice are very bewitching Things. A cloſe Application to them is frequently attended with fatal Conſequences.

Late Hours will impair the beſt Conſtitution, and a run of Ill-luck will ſour the beſt Temper. Nay, Good-luck

luck is often an Enemy to our Happineſs; for it makes us more eager to extend our Conqueſts than to enjoy them.

In ſhort, whether we win or loſe, we fall a Prey to that worſt of Paſſions, Avarice. If we loſe, we play on in Hopes of retrieving the Sums we have loſt: If we win, we play on in Hopes of winning more.

Every Man has his ruling Paſſion, *Gaming* is young *Hilario*'s. This Paſſion obſcures his bright Talents, eclipſes his many good Qualities, and will at length reduce him to a State of Indigence and Miſery, for he *plays deep* without Judgment, and is conſequently *bubbled* by *Bullies*, and *ſucked* by *Sharpers*, who faſten on him like Leeches, and will, undoubtedly *ſtick cloſe*, as long as he has a Shilling or an Acre in his Poſſeſſion. I wiſh he may not be driven by Neceſſity to undertake the painful Profeſſion of a Player, or the daring Occupation of a High-

Highwayman; as it is no uncommon Thing to ſee an extravagant, neceſſitous, and ingenious Gentleman, who has had a liberal Education, either take to the *Stage* or to the *Road*.

GARRULITY.

There are ſome People ſo impertinently communicative, that they are never eaſy but when they are ſurfeiting their Acquaintance with their Garrulity. Theſe Buſy-bodies have no Notion of timing their Viſits, but invade your Apartment when you are leaſt inclined to ſee them, and force you to liſten to their unimportant Prattle, though they know by your Manner of behaving to them, that it is as diſagreeable to you as a "thrice-told Tale" is to the "dull Ear of a drowſy Man."

He who blabs his own Secrets is only a Fool, but he who circulates thoſe with which

which he is intruſted, is both a Fool and a Knave.

Few People have ſuffered for being addicted to Taciturnity, but Numbers have been puniſhed for being Talkative.

GOOD-BREEDING.

Good-nature never appears to ſo much Advantage, as when it is poliſhed by Good-breeding.

Good-breeding is ſuch a beneficial Accompliſhment, and makes us appear in ſo advantageous a Light, that the wittieſt, wiſeſt, and moſt learned Man without it, is like him who has his Pocket full of Gold Coin, but wants Shillings and Halfpence for common Uſe.

GOOD-HUMOUR.

He who wiſhes to go through the World calmly and undiſturbedly, ſhould always carry about with him a Diſpoſition

to

to give Pleaſure, and a Diſpoſition to receive it: And put the moſt favourable Conſtruction on every Thing he hears.

GRATITUDE.

The Number of the Grateful is ſmall. Moſt of the *Obliged* are laviſh of their Profeſſions of Gratitude, and pretend to be deeply affected with the Generoſity of their Benefactors; but when they are ſollicited to confer Favours in Return, they invent a thouſand trivial Excuſes to make a Denial received without a Shock, and to conceal Ingratitude under the Maſk of Inability.

GREATNESS OF MIND.

To enjoy the Smiles of Fortune without being elated with them, and to bear her Frowns without Dejection, that is true Greatneſs of Mind.

We

We diſcover as much Littleneſs of Mind by exulting on lucky, as by deſponding on unlucky Occaſions; and make ourſelves as ridiculous by Guſts of Merriment in Proſperity, as by Floods of Tears in Adverſity.

A truly great Mind will always be with Pleaſure employed in aſſiſting the Fortunes, and promoting the Happineſs of others.

GRIEF.

People oppreſſed with Grief are always multiplying their Uneaſineſſes, by a Recollection of the moſt trifling Circumſtances.

When the Heart is ſlightly attacked by Sorrow, Words find a ready Paſſage from the Lips, but when it is overwhelmed with Grief, the Motion of the Tongue is ſuſpended.

If the Pangs which we feel for the Loſs of our Friends, were to laſt long without

without Intermiſſion, we muſt inevitably ſink under the Anguiſh of them; but Nature has wiſely ordained that they ſhall be alleviated by Time and Neceſſity, which partly perſuade and partly compel us to bear the Shocks, which Humanity is ſubject to, with Fortitude and Compoſure.

GUILT.

The Wretch who has committed a criminal Action is frequently ſo much appalled by reflecting on his Guilt, that he diſcovers Secrets which he would wiſh to bury in his Boſom: Secrets of the utmoſt Importance to Society, though fatal to himſelf.

H.

HABITS.

MANY vicious Habits become incorrigible becauſe they are not corrected in their Infancy; the only Time when they can be corrected with Eaſe.

All Cuſtoms gradually riſe to confirmed Habits, and from ill Habits the Tranſition is eaſy to Vices: They are very ſtubborn, and never, without the greateſt Difficulty, to be removed.

HAPPINESS.

Some People are always meeting with Diſappointments becauſe they are always forming romantic Schemes, and think they have Ill-luck in the World becauſe they cannot have every Thing they wiſh for.

Such

Such People "diſquiet themſelves in "vain," and loſe Sight of *Happineſs*, by liſtening to the Promiſes of *Hope*.

We are often unhappy by having the Things we long for; but to be pleaſed with the Things we poſſeſs — that is Felicity.

With a Diſpoſition to be pleaſed, the Neceſſaries of Life will make us happy; but without ſuch a Diſpoſition we ſhall be miſerable with all its Superfluities.

To be anxious only about the *firſt*, is the Way to procure what moſt People aim at, by endeavouring to procure the *laſt*.

The Man who is not frequently inclined to converſe with himſelf, is in ſome Meaſure unhappy; but he who ſtarts at the Thought of Self-examination is ſuperlatively wretched.

Thoſe who think that Happineſs is only to be found in crowded, noiſy, ſhowy Scenes, are groſsly miſtaken.

True

True Happineſs is of a ſtill, ſilent Nature, and has nothing to do with Pomp and Tumult, Flutter and Parade.

Thoſe who ſearch for it at a Ball or an Aſſembly, an Opera or a Play, an Auction-Room or a Drawing-Room, will be heavily diſappointed, for in ſuch Places, temporary Amuſements only, not laſting Satisfactions, are to be expected.

The Majority of both Sexes, who frequent public Places, flock thither merely to avoid an Interview with themſelves, which they cannot bear to think of without feeling unhappy Senſations.

HEALTH.

Among the various Bleſſings which Providence permits us to enjoy in this World, Health is not the leaſt valuable one; becauſe without that we can have no Reliſh for any terreſtrial Joys. Yet we ſeldom know how to prize ſo ineſtimable

mable a Treaſure, till it is ſnatched from our Graſp.

When Maladies attack us, and pollute the Springs of Life, we begin to commune with ourſelves, and to reflect with Serioufneſs on the Advantages of Health. But when our Nerves are vigorous, and when our Cheeks are vermilioned with the Bloom of Health, we are too apt to injure the delicate *Machine*, by trying Experiments upon it with Wantonneſs and Temerity, and by giving an unbounded Looſe to our Paſſions and our Appetites.

Sickneſs is frequently a uſeful Memento;

A Fever argues better than a *Clark*,

YOUNG.

and convinces us that we are not invulnerable. It makes us ſenſible of the Uncertainty of Life, and teaches us many Leſſons of Importance, which we are ſeldom at Leiſure to regard when the

the Blood circulates with a proper Velocity.

Health of Body and Peace of Mind; theſe are the Bleſſings which make Life pleaſurable. Yet how are they ſlighted by the Majority of Mankind, who are too much enchanted by the *Die*, the *Bottle*, and the *Miſtreſs*, to comprehend the true Value of them!

If the Body is oppreſſed with Sickneſs, or if the Mind is diſeaſed, what are the fineſt Paintings to the Eye, the ſweeteſt Strains of Muſick to the Ear, or the moſt fragrant Perfumes to the Noſtrils!

When we are juſt on the Point of recovering from a long Fit of Sickneſs, we feel a Kind of pleaſing Laſſitude, which may be compared to the tremulous Motion of the Sea after a Tempeſt.

When we feel ourſelves indiſpoſed, we are too apt to imagine that our Diſorder was occaſioned by the laſt Food we ate, or the laſt Liquor we drank, and

retard

retard the Cure of it by miſleading our Apothecary, and taking improper Medicines from him.

We very ſeldom know the Cauſe of our Ailments: The indigeſted Food of Yeſterday or the Day before, may perhaps, be the Foundation of our Uneaſineſſes to Day.

Indigeſtion is, I believe, the Cauſe of moſt of the Diſorders which interrupt the Movements of the human Machine, and make Life burdenſome.

The Conſtruction of the human Machine is ſo exquiſitely nice, that a Man would be afraid to eat, drink, and move, if he reflected on it with too much Attention. — For my Part, whenever I think with how much Elegance and Delicacy we are made, I wonder not to ſee ſo many cut off in the Flower of their Youth, but to ſee ſo many enjoy a healthy old Age. — A diſtempered young Man is no uncommon Sight, but an old

old one free from any torturing Diſorder is a Rarity.

HONOUR.

Thoſe who have ſlight Notions of Honour themſelves, are readily induced to believe that others have the ſame.

Falſe Honour is a ſelfiſh Demon, who ſets the World in a Flame by making the moſt ridiculous Punctilios of the greateſt Conſequence. True Honour is the Offspring of Reaſon and Humanity.

HYPOCRISY.

Hypocriſy never makes ſo contemptible a Figure, as when ſhe is detected in the Robes of Piety.

I.

IDLENESS.

AS every Man has it in his Power to be in ſome Shape ſerviceable to Society, the lazy Drone, who lives by the Labours of his induſtrious Neighbours, and who thinks of nothing but the Gratification of his Appetites and the Indulgence of his Paſſions, is the moſt contemptible Creature in the World. — He deſerves not to be ranked among human Beings. — A Deſart is too good for him.

It is ſafer to be employed about Trifles, than to be totally inactive; for Idleneſs is the Foundation of Half the Vices which brutalize Humanity.

We very often *want* the Bleſſings we deſire, becauſe we are too idle to take Pains to procure them; and chuſe rather to complain, with a childiſh Fretfulneſs of

of our Condition, than to better it by Induſtry.

An idle Man lives more like a Vegetable than a human Being.

JEALOUSY.

The Man who is of a ſuſpicious Diſpoſition, tortures himſelf with a thouſand Uneaſineſſes, and murders the Peace of all thoſe who have any Connexions with him.

Such a Man ſees all Objects through a falſe Medium, and miſinterprets every Thing he hears. The moſt innocent Expreſſions, and "Trifles light as Air," prove ſufficient to drive him to Deſperation and Revenge.

He who is too ſollicitous to know every ſatirical Expreſſion which is vented againſt him, is impertinently curious, and leads a Life of Reſtleſſneſs and Anxiety.

A Man of this unhappy Caſt is pained to the Quick by every malicious Whiſper, gives his weakeſt Adverſary perpetual Opportunities of making him uneaſy, and very often increaſes his Infelicity, by feeling the Keenneſs of a Sarcaſm, long after it has been forgotten by the Perſon who uttered it.

JESTING.

Jeſting is attended frequently with diſagreeable, and ſometimes with fatal Conſequences. A Jeſt ſeldom makes a Sally from us, without meeting a rival Jeſt to oppoſe it, between which a ſharp Battle generally enſues.

INATTENTION.

Many ridiculous Things, and ſome miſchievous ones too, are daily committed by thoſe who are perpetually apologizing for the Careleſſneſs of their Conduct, by telling you *they meant no Harm.*

When

When a giddy-headed Fellow runs againſt me in the Street, and throws me down with great Violence upon the Pavement, he may, perhaps, ſay he meant no Harm, but that Excuſe will not remove the Pain I feel from an aching Head, a bleeding Noſe, or a broken Shin.—I ſuffer as much from his Careleſſneſs as if he really intended to abuſe me.

INDOLENCE.

Indolence is criminal. We are all born to be uſeful to each other. He who leads the Life of a Slug, ought to be cut off from the Body of Society, for the ſame Reaſon that the Amputation of a corrupted Limb from the human Body is neceſſary, to hinder the other Parts from mortifying.

INNOCENCE.

If Innocence could for a while bear with Patience the falſe Accuſations of

Calumny, her malicious Antagoniſt would increaſe, and not diminiſh, the Luſtre of her Charms.

INSENSIBILITY.

I have a very mean Opinion of the Man who ſympathizes not with a Stranger in Diſtreſs, but on him who can hear of the Miſeries of thoſe nearly related to him, I cannot look without the greateſt Abhorrence. "The Motions "of his Soul are dull as Night, and his "Affections dark as Erebus."

"I have loſt nothing," ſaid *Stilpo* the Philoſopher, when he loſt his Children at the Taking of *Megara* by *Demetrius*, "For I carry every Thing that "is valuable about me." What Stoiciſm! what Apathy! what Selfiſhneſs! what Inſenſibility! — Such a frigid Behaviour on ſo pathetic an Occaſion, muſt certainly ſhock a Being, not quite diveſted

veſted of Humanity, and Proof againſt all Emotions of Tenderneſs.

The *Tears* of *Senſibility* are far more engaging than the *Smiles* of *Indifference*. The firſt excite Affection and Pity, the laſt Hatred and Contempt.

He who feels not his Heart bound with Joy, when he hears of the Happineſs, or melt with Sorrow, when he hears of the Miſery of a Fellow-Creature, is but a Brute in a human Form; a Monſter, not a Man; becauſe he is a Stranger to thoſe Senſations which are the characteriſtical Marks of Humanity.

INTREPIDITY.

True Courage conſiſts not in a turbulent Motion of the animal Spirits, nor a rapid Circulation of the Blood, but is lodged in the Soul, under the Direction of Virtue, and of Reaſon: Mere Intrepidity is nearly allied to Madneſs. It is

a brutal Fury which drives a Man headlong to commit the wildeſt, moſt imprudent, and moſt extravagant Actions.

K.

KNOWLEDGE.

THE Stores of *Knowledge* are rather burdenſome than uſeful, except they are under the Superintendence of *Wiſdom*.

He who is willing to have a thorough Knowledge of the World, muſt ſtudy Books and Men with equal Aſſiduity and Attention. — Thoſe who are always poring over the former, and thoſe who are always converſing with the latter, are only your half-knowing ones.

L.

LEARNING.

LEARNING can never ſoar high, unleſs it is borne up by the Pinions of Genius; and Genius, without the Support of Learning, is not able to keep its Wings long expanded.

True Learning makes a Man wiſe, and true Wiſdom makes him good.

The letter'd Part of Mankind are too apt to treat the illiterate with Contempt unjuſtly; the latter often make ſhrewd Obſervations, and ſtrike out uſeful Hints for which they are entitled both to Reſpect and Praiſe.

LETTER-WRITING.

Few People know how to pen a familiar Epiſtle. The Majority of Letter-Writers ſit down to give an Account of common Occurrences with as much For-

mality as if they were going to compoſe a metaphyſical Treatiſe, diſcuſs a knotty Point in Mathematics, or draw up a Settlement: Their Performances are conſequently awkward, ſtiff, and diſguſting.

Some, in order to appear eaſy and degagée, give the Reins to Fancy, and vent the moſt puerile Conceits: Others, in order to appear deep and penetrating, rack their Brains on Subjects which are not to be fathomed by human Underſtanding.

Familiar Letter-Writers need not make themſelves Slaves to ſcholaſtic Rules, but may indulge their Fancies without dreading the ſevere Reprehenſions of a ſour, unrelenting Critic.

They may rove in a deſultory Manner from Subject to Subject, uncenſured for thinking with Irregularity, and for expreſſing their Thoughts with Inaccuracy. Theſe *Licentia* may be allowed, becauſe

becauſe they write for the Amuſement only of candid Readers, that is, their Friends.

Thoſe who pen their Epiſtles with as much Aſſiduity as if they were to be committed to the Preſs, write more for Fame, than for the Entertainment of their Correſpondents.

When a Man writes a Letter, he converſes with the Perſon to whom he writes by Proxy, and ſhould therefore talk to him with the ſame Freedom, Familiarity, and Eaſe on Paper, as he would talk to him in a Chamber.

LIBERTY.

An *Engliſhman* generally means by *Liberty*, the Privilege of playing the Fool as often as he pleaſes, and of making himſelf as much an Object of Ridicule as he can in his own favourite Way.

LIFE.

The Citadel of Life is undermined by a *Conſumption*, and taken by Sap. An *Apoplexy* attacks it Sword in Hand, and takes it by Storm.

The real Evils of Life are numerous, but the imaginary ones are numberleſs. A Man ſhould arm himſelf with Reſolution, and endeavour, not to multiply the laſt, but to diminiſh the firſt.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

People of an amorous Complexion very often, by their Words and Actions, fill a calm and undiſturbed Byſtander with Aſtoniſhment; who, not being of the ſame Complexion, has no Notion of their Raptures, but looks on them with a frigid Contempt, and thinks they behave more like Perſons not

not in their perfect Senſes, than rational Beings.

The greateſt Heroes, and the wiſeſt Philoſophers, have been ſubdued by Love. Thoſe who boaſt of their Apathy in this Caſe, boaſt of it, and that is all.

The Workings of Nature are nearly the ſame in all Men, and though they are frequently oppoſed, they will never be totally ſuppreſſed.

The moſt flinty Hearts have been ſoftened into Senſibility by this inſinuating Paſſion, and the Truth of *Virgil*'s Maxim, *AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM*, muſt be felt by a *Carmelite*, though he may be too proud to acknowledge it.

Romantic Love breaks through all the Difficulties which are thrown in its Way by Cuſtom or by Nature, with the Impetuoſity of Enthuſiaſm; and, like that too, renders its Votaries both able and eager to execute its Suggeſtions, however

however ridiculous, and however extravagant.

Succeſs in Love is obtained with moſt Eaſe by indirect Approaches.

A Lover ſhould never diſcloſe his Paſſion haſtily, but conceal it till he has Reaſon to believe that his Miſtreſs wiſhes for the Diſcovery of it.

A Man who loves a Woman properly and ſincerely, will make his Addreſſes to her before he knows whether ſhe has a Fortune, but not before he can afford to marry her without one.—This Maxim will not be reliſhed by the Bulk of Mankind, who enter into the Marriage-State either for *Lucre* or for *Luſt*.

The Tranſports of virtuous Love are infinitely ſuperior to the Raptures which ariſe from the Gratification of a vicious Appetite. — The former are increaſed, the latter diminiſhed, by Poſſeſſion: The former are momentary, the latter permanent.

The

The chaſte Endearments of a Wife, are as different from, as they are ſuperior to, the looſe Embraces of a Miſtreſs; and the Huſband pays an ill Compliment to the lawful Partner of his Bed, if he behaves to her in the ſame Manner as he would behave to a Woman of Pleaſure.

Love, true Love, (for the Paſſion generally ſo called, is ſo called unjuſtly) is the great Supporter and Sweetener of Life. It humanizes Brutality, makes Ambition perform heroic Deeds, and gives even to Virtue an additional Grace.

The pure Tranſports of virtuous Love afford a calm and ſerene Delight, which is far more durable and ſatisfactory than the delirious Joys which ariſe from the Gratification of a roving, vicious, and feveriſh Appetite.

A Man really in Love, though he has a Heart full of the moſt amiable Qualities,

Qualities, is very often unable to make himſelf appear to his Miſtreſs in an amiable Light.

When two People love rationally, their Affection for each other increaſes with their Intimacy.

LUNACY.

Liſbon, in its preſent Situation, is not ſo melancholy a Sight as a Man who has loſt his Senſes: Eſpecially a Man whoſe intellectual Faculties have been remarkably vigorous.

A City overthrown cannot be viewed without Horror; but a Mind in Ruins —— it makes one ſhudder to think of ſo dreadful a Calamity!

LUXURY.

It is always more prudent to fly from the enchanted Cup of *Luxury*, than to apply it to our Lips: For though we may apply it, fully determined to drink

juſt

juſt ſo much and no more, the firſt Draught renders us unable to keep our Reſolution, and urges us, by an irreſiſtible Attraction, to proceed, till we grow enamoured with the intoxicating Liquor, and brutalize ourſelves by too frequent, and too careleſs a Uſe of it.

M.

MANKIND.

I Often wonder to hear a human Creature cry out with a Ya——wn, "how heavily the Time hangs on my "Hands!" — The World is ſo plentifully ſtocked with Characters, that any Perſon who has a Turn for Obſervation, and neither envies nor deſpiſes his Fellow-Mortals, may reap a great deal of Amuſement, and Inſtruction too, from a careful Survey of them: For there is among them an infinite Variety of Food for

for the hungry Mind, and endleſs Matter for Contemplation.

The Generality of Mankind are very fond of counter-working the Deſigns of Nature, and of aſſuming Parts on the Stage of Life, which they cannot perform in a becoming Manner.

It is from this untoward Diſpoſition in the human Species, that we ſee ſo many paltry Rhymers, crabbed Word-catchers, and ſullen Miſanthropes, ſet up for brilliant Poets, formidable Critics, and ſatirical Moralizers. Hence too it proceeds that a Smatterer in Logic ſets up for a deep Philoſopher, a gloomy Devotee for a ſound Divine, and a Devourer of News-Papers for an able Politician.

Of all Fops the Academical one is my Averſion. It hurts me to ſee a Man of Learning and Genius appear in a contemptible Light, by affecting to unite the Scholar and the Beau.

Thoſe

Thoſe who have been long accuſtomed to a College-Life, are particularly at a Loſs when they come into the World, and never behave with that Eaſineſs in a mixed Company, nor converſe with that Readineſs and Fluency on the moſt trifling and unimportant Subjects, which thoſe who mingle more with Men than Books inſenſibly acquire.

Thoſe who are ſullenly ſilent in Company, are as diſagreeable and offenſive, as thoſe who are impertinently loquacious.

Tell a Man of the niceſt Honour that he is groſsly miſtaken, and he will be contented with contradicting you, but tell him he is guilty of a Lie (ſo much Venom is there contained in that Monoſyllable) and you muſt hazard your Life, perhaps, to give him Satisfaction.—Strange! that different Modes of Expreſſion ſhould occaſion ſuch different Conſtructions!

Many

Many Perſons put themſelves to numberleſs Inconveniences, that they may figure away in the Eye of the World, and make themſelves Objects of Ridicule at home, in order to appear Objects of Envy abroad.

Totus Mundus agit Hiſtrionem. There never was a truer Sentence. A thick-headed School-Boy anglified it thus, "all the World acts a Hiſtory."—A bad Tranſlation indeed, but a good Sentence nevertheleſs.—If every Man had Leiſure and Inclination to ſet down in black and white the various Workings of his Mind on all intereſting Occaſions, and the various Incidents he meets with in his Journey through Life, without Reſerve or Partiality, how voluminous would his HISTORICAL WORKS be!

Rich Men frequently ſurfeit you by complaining of the Narrowneſs of their Circumſtances, that you may puff them up

up with the Breath of Contradiction.—How ridiculous is this Foible!

Many Perſons give glaring Proofs of their Ignorance, by the Efforts they make to give Proofs of their Knowledge; and ſhock you with their Folly, when they think to ſurprize you with their Wiſdom.

Many Perſons with ſlow Capacities are apt to ſay they have forgot a Thing, becauſe they are aſhamed to ſay they never knew it. Want of Memory is often an artful Apology for want of Apprehenſion; ſo unwilling are we to own a Deficiency in our Intellects.

You frequently hurt a Man more by having a mean Opinion of his Underſtanding, than by ſuſpecting his Morals.

The World is a Maſquerade, and he who can gueſs at a Man's Circumſtances by his Dreſs, muſt have the Sagacity of an *Œdipus*.

Avaro

Avaro is worth a *Plumb*, but creeps about the Streets with Cloaths upon his Back which a Porter would be aſhamed to wear; and *Floſculus*, who is not worth a Farthing, appears in all public Places *galonné* like a Lord.

Several young Fellows, and ſome old ones too, with ſmall Fortunes, are ſo fond of appearing Men of Faſhion and Diſtinction in the Eye of the World, that they will ſtint themſelves in a thouſand Shapes, in order to *hang out falſe Colours*.

Dick Small-Rent frequently dives into a Cellar, for a three-penny Meal in *St. Giles*'s, that he may glitter away afterwards with Spirit, and figure away magnificently in Lace and Embroidery at *St. James*'s.

Choleric Men meet with too much Indulgence: If they were treated, whereever they go, with the Contempt they deſerve, they would, perhaps, endeavour to keep their Paſſions within proper

per Bounds; but while they are called "very good Sort of People in the main, "only a little too haſty," they will not, I am afraid, make any Efforts to render themſelves inoffenſive Companions.

There are a great many Perſons ſpeculatively knowing, but few practically wiſe.

Thoſe who make the moſt pompous Promiſes, are the moſt unwilling to perform them. — A Bully is always a Coward.

Many People make themſelves poor by taking Pains to be thought rich; and many rich People grudge themſelves the Neceſſaries of Life, and ſeem poor, becauſe they want to be richer. — How prepoſterouſly do they act! How irrational is their Conduct!

We have all our Infirmities, but ſometimes make ourſelves ridiculous by endeavouring to conceal them: As People in a State of Inebriation heighten our

our Contempt for them, by trying to convince us that they are ſober.

There is a great deal of Wickedneſs in the World, but I believe there is more Folly in it. Thouſands are not *aſhamed* to boaſt of Vices which they are *afraid* to commit.

Every Fool is not a Knave, but every Knave is a Fool.

Thoſe who live by the Vices and Follies of their Fellow-Creatures need never be afraid of ſtarving.

When Perſons of Fortune intreat thoſe who live in a State of Dependance under them, to do ſuch and ſuch Things, with a Profuſion of Compliments, and make a Multitude of Apologies for being ſo troubleſome; they indirectly inſult them for being poor, and put them very diſagreeably in mind of their Situation. Such-proud Humility muſt fill a delicate Mind with the moſt poignant

nant Anguiſh. — Inſincere Civility is Rudeneſs in Diſguiſe.

Four-and-twenty Men cannot differ more from each other, than one Man differs from himſelf in four-and-twenty Hours.

Thoſe who are only externally pious appear in a worſe Light than the openly Irreligious; as the ſuperficially Learned are more contemptible than the totally Illiterate.

Few Perſons converſe with a Deſign to make themſelves wiſer or better, but to avoid their own Company, becauſe they have not Courage enough *in ſeſe deſcendere.*

The Generality of the World are fond of all Knowledge but Self-knowledge. They enjoy more Satisfaction in trifling away their Time with Companions whom they hold in the utmoſt Contempt, than in entering into a Soliloquy in their Cloſets.

When

When a Character is once ſullied, it can never regain its original Purity. Honour, in Man or Woman, is equally valuable, and ought not to be ſported with.

Men of bright Parts are not ſo fit for Buſineſs as Men of ſlow Capacities: The former reſemble mettleſome Colts which fly out of the Road at the Approach of particular Objects; the latter may be compared to ſober Pack-Horſes which travel on tamely without turning to the Right or to the Left with irregular Motions.

Few People enjoy the *preſent Day*, becauſe they are laying Plans for the Enjoyment of *future Years*.

A Man of Erudition and Penetration ſurveys his Proſpects from a riſing Ground with a reflecting Teleſcope.

People who are fond of Praiſe and lay Traps for it by a thouſand little Artifices, put me in Mind of coquettiſh Girls,

Girls, who drop their Fans or their Gloves, in order to provoke you to ſtrike up the Overture of Gallantry, and to tickle their Ears with the enchanting Strains of Adulation.

If you laugh at a Man for his Wit, you make him chuckle with Satisfaction, but if you laugh at him for his Folly, you touch him in a tender Part, and make him wince like a galled Horſe.

There are a great many People who are only deterred from Villany by Shame.

Partial Admirers of a favourite Author view him as a fond Lover views his Miſtreſs, who can diſcover no Defects, or transform thoſe he finds into Perfections.

Some People find fault with the preſent Times, merely becauſe they are *their own*.

Numberleſs are the Follies and Abſurdities which ſenſible and good-natured People commit without Shame, becauſe

they think they are too trifling to deſerve Cenſure.

People of a truly benevolent Diſpoſition will, in every State of Life, find Opportunities of alleviating the Diſtreſſes of their Fellow-Creatures.

He who *thinks* a Crime, and he who *acts* one, are equally guilty in the Eye of Virtue.

Men reſemble Children who obſtinately refuſe to part with the moſt trifling Play-thing, when they are roughly treated, but quit their Hold readily, when a few ſweet Words and Sugar-Plumbs are made uſe of, and reſign without murmuring their moſt valuable Toys.

Many well-meaning Perſons are unluckily officious in a wrong Place, and excite Averſion, by endeavouring ridiculouſly to procure Eſteem.

Some People are always making themſelves uneaſy by reflecting on the moſt

moſt gloomy Side of the Proſpect. When a Man has an Opportunity of ſurveying two different Views, one of daiſied Fields, verdant Lawns, bubbling Fountains, and ſmiling Valleys; the other of craggy Rocks, dreary Heaths, horror-ſtriking Precipices, and uninhabitable Houſes, he muſt have a Diſpoſition peculiarly whimſical and ſtrange, if he rivets his Eyes on the diſmal, and averts them from the delightful Scenes.

One would imagine that every Man was a *Solomon*, to hear him harangue about other People's Concerns; but we find the Majority of Men very weak when we examine their own.

Thoſe who *live* Hypocrites through *Intereſt*, generally *die* Hypocrites through *Pride*.

Thoſe who amuſe themſelves by frolicking in the ſhallow Parts of the *River* of *Pleaſure*, too often venture out of

their Depth, and are over-powered by the Impetuoſity of the Current.

Not to deſerve the Favour of an envious Man is the ſureſt Way to obtain it.

How many anxious Moments do they feel who are always wavering between Reaſon and Faſhion! And in how many Shapes do they torment themſelves who are afraid of being laughed at for deviating from the Cuſtoms in Vogue!

When a very cunning Man overreaches himſelf, and is caught in a Trap of his own baiting, what a contemptible Figure does he make!

He who is always ſcheming to make his Fortune by the Follies of his Neighbours, frequently expoſes himſelf in the moſt fooliſh Manner.

The moſt inſufferable Pedants are thoſe who have a "plentiful lack" of Common-Senſe, and who have tumbled over a Multitude of Volumes, without being

being able to diſcern the Beauties or the Defects in them.

As thoſe who laugh heartily are not always the moſt Joyful, neither are thoſe who weep plentifully, the moſt Sorrowful. The Grief which excites a large Quantity of Tears, is ſeldom heart-felt: For when the Heart is deeply pierced with Affliction, its Uneaſineſſes are inviſible.

It is a trite Obſervation, but not therefore a leſs juſt one, that two Faces are never found to reſemble each other entirely. A Similitude of Features and Complexion is, indeed, frequently diſcernible, but the Similitude is not ſtrong enough to make us pronounce the Faces totally alike. A general Reſemblance of this Kind may often be traced in the Motions of different Perſons; but every Perſon has a diſtinguiſhing Movement, a characteriſtical Gait. We never ſee two Men whoſe Manner of walking has

the leaſt Appearance of being the ſame, but when *one* is copied with Servility, and then it never fails to excite Contempt. The ſame Motion which is graceful in a *Barry*, will be awkward and unpleaſing in another Man, though copied with all the Accuracy of a *Foote*.

As the beſt of Men have their bad Qualities, and the worſt of Men their good ones, we ſhould be very careful not to applaud the firſt, nor to condemn the laſt with too much Precipitation. Prejudice often makes us overlook Vices in a Friend, and Virtues in a Foe.

I am never angry with People for differing from me in their Ways of thinking; but I am always highly diſpleaſed with a Man who obſtinately aſſerts that *his* Way is beſt, becauſe I think ſuch frail, ſhort-ſighted, ſhallow Beings as we are, ought not to be dogmatically poſſitive about any Thing.

Accor-

According to Mr. *Lock*'s Definition of Madneſs, two thirds of the World are Lunatics, for they reaſon right upon wrong Principles.

Young Folks are ſeldom happy but when they are in purſuit of Pleaſure. Old Folks are ſeldom unhappy if they are free from Pain. The former aim at Joy; the latter are contented with Eaſe.

Thoſe who embrace you with Cordiality whenever they meet you, and never accoſt you without a Smile, or rather a Grin upon their Faces, are, in my humble Opinion, inſufferably offenſive. They reſemble Women of the Town, who look on every Body they can fix their Eyes upon, whether a Courtier or a Carman, with the Leer of Invitation, and the Smile of Allurement.

Thoſe who are not condemned to wander unnoticed through the Deſarts of Adverſity, nor bury themſelves wil-

fully in the Bowers of Retirement, are doomed to have a large Circle of Acquaintance, but a ſmall one of Friends.

How thoughtleſs! how ungrateful! how inconſiſtent are we Mortals! We reſemble Children when they babble nonſenſically about their Diverſions: We find fault with Nature, for too ſhort a Span, and yet make heavy Complaints of its Tediouſneſs. We rack our Brains to accelerate the Velocity of the circling Moments, and run away from ourſelves with a ridiculous Precipitation.

Men who are fond of undertaking Things for the Execution of which they have no Abilities, and neglect to exerciſe the Talents which Nature has bleſt them with, put me in mind of rich Carmudgeons, who receive no Satisfaction from ſurveying the Stores they poſſeſs, becauſe they are always longing with a fooliſh Sollicitude to increaſe them. The firſt deſtroy the Uſe of their Talents, and

and the laſt the Tranquillity of their Lives, by deſpiſing what is in their Poſſeſſion, and endeavouring to graſp ſomething which is not within their Reach.

There are more People who act wrong, I believe, through Ignorance and Inattention, than deſignedly and deliberately.

To avoid the Upbraidings of his own Conſcience ſhould be a Man's *firſt* Concern; to avoid the World's Cenſures ſhould be his *ſecond*.

Some People inclinable to be plump, make themſelves look like Skeletons by leſſening the Number of their Meals in a Day, becauſe they think to be fat is to be awkward, and to be lean, genteel: Others inclinable to be lank, lean, and bony, take Pains to be *hugely waiſted*, for fear of being thought in a ſtarving Condition.

When you aſk a Man not celebrated for Quickneſs of Apprehenſion an arch

Queſtion, and he replies with an inattentive Look, "Hay Sir?" "What do "you ſay Sir?" you may be ſatisfied that his auricular Organs are not defective, but that he counterfeits Deafneſs to gain Time, and to conceal Dulneſs.

He who truſts to his own Induſtry for the Comforts of Life, will always find People enough ready to multiply his Pleaſures; but he who depends on others for the Enjoyment of them, will be frequently diſappointed.

Knaves and *Fools* we meet with in abundance, they go about in Herds; but wiſe Men and honeſt Men are only to be ſeen now and then ſtraggling by themſelves: Not in Droves, but ſingly. If all the Former were ſwept away from the Face of the Earth, how thinly would the Face of the Earth be inhabited by the Latter!

The ſportive Sons of Pleaſure generally tell you that they *make the moſt of Life*,

Life, but I believe every cool Inſpector of their Conduct, will be ready to declare that they *make the leaſt of it*. A *ſhort Life* and a *merry one* is their favourite Boaſt; but we ſeldom find above Half of it true. — The Majority of your *merry Livers* are too frequently interrupted by Moments of Sadneſs, to be envied: They ſhorten the Number of their Days, and at the ſame Time leſſen the Number of their Enjoyments.

When I aſk an Acquaintance whether he will dine with me, and he replies with a few *Hums* and *Haws*, " umph— " I don't care if I do."—He makes, I think, a very odd Kind of an Anſwer, bordering upon Rudeneſs; (though I muſt confeſs it is a very common one, and uttered by the " beſt bred People " in the World.") For I always ſuppoſe the true Meaning of it is, " It is " quite a Matter of Indifference to me " whether I accept of your Offer or de-

" cline

" cline it." There is not that Heartineſs in ſuch a Reply, which we naturally expect, and would be pleaſed with when one aſks ſuch a Queſtion.

There are a great many People of both Sexes who diſturb your Repoſe, and tire your Patience, by viſiting you at improper Hours, and prating to you impertinently on the moſt inſignificant Subjects, about which neither you nor they are intereſted, with whom you cannot, however, be angry, and whom you cannot turn away from your Houſe, becauſe they aim to amuſe you with their Prattle, and viſit you out of the higheſt Reſpect. Their Impertinence is an Ebullition of Good-nature, and may be excuſed, though it cannot be admired; pardoned, though it cannot be praiſed.

It is impoſſible to go through the World without being cheated. If a Man was like *Argus*, *all Eye*, ſome cunning

ning *Mercury* would find an Opportunity to make a Dupe of him.

The greateſt Fool ſometimes diſcovers Marks of Cunning, and the archeſt Knave ſometimes diſcovers Signs of Folly.

The Impertinence of a Fool is as troubleſome as that of a Madman, and Bedlam is the proper Place for Folly as well as Lunacy.

Some rich Men, when they are worſted in a Diſpute with an Antagoniſt of ſuperior Capacities, but inferior Fortune, fooliſhly imagine they ſtrengthen their Arguments by laying a conſiderable Wager that their Aſſertions are unanſwerable. An Orator of this Stamp, often embaraſſes a Diſputant who cannot ſo readily fly to his Purſe, and pleaſe himſelf with the Thoughts of being able to *ſilence*, when he is unable to *convince*.

Thoſe who have a mind to make a Figure in the World, muſt always follow *Epictetus*'s Maxim, BEAR and FOR-

FORBEAR; that is, they muſt ſo bear the Humours of their Patrons and forbear to ſhew the leaſt Reſentment on the moſt galling Occaſions. They muſt always appear with a ſmiling Countenance, ſpeak with a ſoft, perſuaſive Accent, bow with the profoundeſt Reſpect, and avoid Contradiction. A Man who can bring himſelf to be of this ſupple, pliant, ductile Diſpoſition, may, without any extraordinary Talents, ſtand a good Chance to be numbered among the favourites of *Fortune:* But he who pretends to have a Way of his own, and always ſpeaks as he thinks, will find it difficult, with uncommon Intellects, to be taken Notice of by that capricious Goddeſs.

Many People adviſe you to do Things which they would not do themſelves, on a ſimilar Occaſion, in order to make you appear in a ridiculous Light, and to have an Opportunity of laughing at you

you behind your Back. — There is ſo much of this Sort of Friendſhip in the World, that it is no eaſy Matter to know when the Advice you receive flows from a well-meaning, or an ill-deſigning Heart.

When People are fond of Things which we deſpiſe, we wrong them much to ſay they have no Taſte, becauſe our Notions of Taſte are not the ſame.

When a Man of Senſibility has ſurvived all his Relations and old Companions, the World is to him as dreary as a Deſart. He walks up and down like a Traveller in a ſtrange Land. He feels the Abſurdity of being anxiouſly ſollicitous about any of the World's Enjoyments, and longs to be removed from its Follies and its Cares.

Many People who are fond of wrangling with each other on the moſt trivial Occurrences, and diſputing on the moſt frivolous Subjects, diſcover a Willingneſs,

neſs to unite, for their mutual Security, on ſerious and important Occaſions.

We generally call a good-natured, careleſs, debauched, extravagant Fellow, "no Body's Enemy but his own;" but we call him ſo, I think, unjuſtly. We are all knit and connected together in ſuch a Manner, that no Man can injure himſelf alone. Somebody muſt neceſſarily be partly a Sufferer by his Vices and his Follies.

Thoſe who are diſpoſed to calumniate with their Tongues or their Pens, give the moſt indubitable Proofs of the Corruptneſs of their Hearts.

The Majority of the World are ſo loth to own themſelves in the wrong, that in order to defend *one Error*, they will commit *twenty*.

We are very apt to make ourſelves uneaſy, and to diſturb others with our peeviſh Complaints, when we have met with unexpected Loſſes and Diſappointments.

ments. We ſhould rather conſider how undeſerving we are of the remaining Comforts in our Poſſeſſion. Were we to behave in that Manner on ſuch Occaſions, our paſſionate Murmurs would be converted into grateful Ejaculations.

A wiſe Man in Rags is a more delighting Object to the Eye of Reaſon, than a Fool arrayed in the moſt magnificent Apparel.

A Man is to be valued, like a Watch, for the Regularity of his Movements.

A Man who has Connections with the World muſt bear many Inconveniences, in order to procure the Things he ſets his Heart upon.

Raſh Adventurers generally meet with more Succeſs in the World, than timorous Drones.

Some People are unfortunately ſo wrong-headed as to ſuppoſe that they never make an important Figure but when

neſs to unite, for their mutual Security, on ſerious and important Occaſions.

We generally call a good-natured, careleſs, debauched, extravagant Fellow, "no Body's Enemy but his own;" but we call him ſo, I think, unjuſtly. We are all knit and connected together in ſuch a Manner, that no Man can injure himſelf alone. Somebody muſt neceſſarily be partly a Sufferer by his Vices and his Follies.

Thoſe who are diſpoſed to calumniate with their Tongues or their Pens, give the moſt indubitable Proofs of the Corruptneſs of their Hearts.

The Majority of the World are ſo loth to own themſelves in the wrong, that in order to defend *one Error*, they will commit *twenty*.

We are very apt to make ourſelves uneaſy, and to diſturb others with our peeviſh Complaints, when we have met with unexpected Loſſes and Diſappointments.

ments. We ſhould rather conſider how undeſerving we are of the remaining Comforts in our Poſſeſſion. Were we to behave in that Manner on ſuch Occaſions, our paſſionate Murmurs would be converted into grateful Ejaculations.

A wiſe Man in Rags is a more delighting Object to the Eye of Reaſon, than a Fool arrayed in the moſt magnificent Apparel.

A Man is to be valued, like a Watch, for the Regularity of his Movements.

A Man who has Connections with the World muſt bear many Inconveniences, in order to procure the Things he ſets his Heart upon.

Raſh Adventurers generally meet with more Succeſs in the World, than timorous Drones.

Some People are unfortunately ſo wrong-headed as to ſuppoſe that they never make an important Figure but when

when they are worrying their Friends, and trifling with their own Intereſt.

When People are making Advances in any Thing, it is a difficult Matter to hinder them from advancing with too much Celerity.

The Prudent ſeldom meet with Diſappointments, becauſe they are ſeldom light-headed with the Fever of Expectation.

He who is always talking of himſelf, inſults every Body with whom he converſes, and cannot be ſatirized with too much Vehemence.

From human Nature Imperfections and Defects are inſeparable. He, therefore, deſerves to be called the beſt of human Beings who has the ſmalleſt Number of them.

The Weakneſſes which are only peculiar to Humanity, are ſeldom criminal: They are often pernicious to ourſelves, but Society is ſeldom injured by them.

He

He who in his private Tranſactions with Mankind is baſe, mercenary, and diſhoneſt, is a profeſſed Foe to the Community, and has no Regard for the public Weal.

All Men have their Diſquietudes. Thoſe who have Hearts ſuſceptible of Compaſſion, melt at the Misfortunes of others; and thoſe whoſe Breaſts are ſteeled againſt any tender Impreſſions, are tortured by their own.

The generality of Mankind float along the Stream of Cuſtom, without reflecting whether they ſhall be wrecked on the Coaſts of Infamy, or wafted to the Shores of Glory.

When we ſtop ſhort in the Midſt of a Purſuit after any Thing, we either diſcover want of Abilities, or want of Patience; and are equally to be blamed, whether our Point in View is laudable or infamous. — If it deſerves Praiſe, we ought to purſue it with Reſolution;

if

if it deſerves Cenſure, we ſhould begin a new Purſuit. — A true Sportſman will not be contented with ſtarting his Game, he will endeavour to hunt it down.

He who governs his Servants with Lenity and Prudence, will be obeyed by them with Readineſs and Pleaſure. But if he gives them too much Liberty, he ſpoils them for their Station.

He who is not "apt to take a light "Offence," is not ſo eaſily ſoothed into Compoſure when his ſlumbering Paſſions are rouzed, as the Man who is "jealous of Honour, ſudden and quick "in quarrel." — Stung by the moſt harmleſs Expreſſions, and alarmed by a Whiſper.

It is not always Indulgence that makes People addicted to Extravagance and Lewdneſs: Reſtraint ſometimes brings them to be too intimately acquainted with thoſe Vices. Many Objects have an alluring Aſpect when they are placed

at

at a Diſtance from us, which, on a nearer View, would fill us with Averſion.

Thoſe who are thoroughly acquainted with all the *Arcana* of a Court, are very ſenſible that great Men are to be wooed like fine Ladies, not by direct, but oblique Approaches; and that the Succeſs of a political and an amorous Negotiation, very often depends on the friendly Offices of a *Chef-de-Cuiſine* and a *femme-de-Chambre*.

The wiſeſt People are they who have the moſt even and ſteady Tempers; who are ruffled with the feweſt Paſſions, inflamed with the feweſt Deſires, and controuled by the feweſt Cares.

Thoſe who run great Riſques for great Sums, may rather be called covetous than cunning.

He who can be pleaſed with falſe Praiſe, and pained by falſe Shame, has weak Intellects, and vicious Inclinations.

In

In Colleges and in Camps we ſhall find that the moſt valiant Soldiers, and the moſt accompliſhed Scholars, are frequently overlooked, becauſe they appear not in a ſtriking Light.

Your very facetious Gentlemen, who are always diſpoſed to promote Merriment wherever they ſhow their Faces, are very apt to be merry at unſeaſonable Hours, and in improper Places. Such mirthful Wights often act as abſurdly as a Band of Fidlers would, who ſhould ſtrike up a Jig in the Middle of a deep Tragedy.

MATRIMONY.

People before Marriage cannot be too nice in their Choice, but after the indiſſoluble Knot is tied, complaining is a ſtrong Proof of Folly.

A married Pair who has oppoſite Humours, may, by gratifying them, regardleſs of each other, be a *Couple happy*, but

but thoſe only who have the ſame Humours can be a *happy Couple*.

Men and Women, during their *mollia tempora fandi*, their gentle Moments of Courtſhip, generally wear Maſques which they throw away too ſoon after the Marriage-Ceremony is performed, and then wonder how they could ever be fond of each other.

The Honey-Month is very often the only happy Month, and even *that* is frequently rendered diſguſtful by Satiety.

When Perſons think of entering into the Marriage-State, it ſhould be with the utmoſt Deliberation.

Many ſanguine Couples, buoyed up by Hope, ſet out with a great deal of Satisfaction, but when a few Years — perhaps Months — have rolled away, Scenes, very unlike thoſe which they expected, preſent themſelves to view. — Contentions, Jars, and mutual Upbraidings, ſucceed to the rapturous Joys, and

mutual

mutual Proteſtations of never-fading Love.

There is, in my humble Opinion, no Medium in the Marriage-State. It is either a Fountain of Content, or a Gulph of Perturbation.

A happy Marriage is replete with the moſt tranſporting Pleaſures; an unhappy one, with the moſt corroding Pains the human Heart can be ſuſceptible of.

Young People too often chuſe Partners for Life, as if they were chuſing Partners at a Ball, not conſidering that the Marriage-Ceremony is very different from a Dancing-Bout, and that there are ſeveral Accompliſhments neceſſary to make the Nuptial State a pleaſurable one, beſides *Gaieté du Cœur*, and Activity of Limbs.

Half the Complaints we hear of connubial Miſery, are undoubtedly occaſioned by the wrong Choice of a Companion for Life.

If

If a Man is captivated by the Features, the Complexion, and the other perſonal Accompliſhments of his Miſtreſs, without examining her Morals and her Mind, he muſt not blame the State itſelf, after he has married her, but his own Thoughtleſſneſs and Temerity, if he finds not the Felicity he expected. — Eyes will loſe their Luſtre, and Skins their Smoothneſs, but intellectual Beauties are of a more permanent Nature, and ought therefore to be more prized.

To be preſent when a Man and his Wife are warmly engaged in a Diſpute, is to be in a very awkward Situation, eſpecially if they deſire to hear your Opinion of it. For it is equally difficult in that Caſe to ſuppreſs your Thoughts, and to diſcloſe them without giving Offence to one of the Diſputants.—Conjugal Quarrels, as well as conjugal Endearments

dearments, ſhould always be confined to the Cloſet.

Many young Men and young Women who enter into the Marriage-State, in order to *ſettle* in the World, are more *unſettled* after the Wedding-Day than they were before.

Thoſe who have met with Succeſs in the Marriage-State, are generally inclined to praiſe it with too much Ardor, and thoſe who have been unhappy in it, are apt to rail againſt it with too much Acrimony. The former by telling you it is the *beſt* State, and the latter by telling you it is the *worſt*.—Every State *may* be a happy one if a Man has a natural Diſpoſition to be pleaſed with his Lot; and every State *will* be a State of Infelicity if a Man has a Propenſity to make himſelf uneaſy.

Steadineſs and Good-humour are Qualifications ſo neceſſary to make the Marriage-Union permanently happy, that thoſe

thoſe who are not poſſeſſed of them, ſhould never think of tying the indiſſoluble Knot together, unleſs they have a mind to tye it for each others Mortification.

A married Pair, with diſſimilar Diſpoſitions, may live very comfortably together, if they are not too obſtinately bigotted to them. Nay, in ſome Caſes, a Contrariety of Humours is attended with many Advantages. If a Man and his Wife are both extremely vivacious, their Livelineſs may hurry them to commit *Indiſcretions*. If they are of a gloomy, indolent Temper, they may grow ſullen and lethargic. If two ſatirical People are yoked together, the Conſequences of their Union may be fatal: If two very good-natured People ſit down quietly together, they may perhaps lead a Life of Dulneſs and Inſipidity.

Men and Women generally conſent to perform the hymeneal Rites together

not from Inclination, but from Vanity and Pride. Their principle Aim is not to *be* happy, but to *ſeem* ſo: Not to pleaſe themſelves, but to make the World think highly of them.

If thoſe who enter into the Marriage-State are not linked together by Love, they ſoon grow weary of each other's Company, exclaim unjuſtly againſt the State itſelf, and too often increaſe their Uneaſineſſes by vainly endeavouring to *get rid* of them.

By the faſhionable Method of entering into a Marriage-Treaty, Affection is ſet aſide as a Thing of *no ſort of Conſequence*. The main Point conſidered by the Treaty-Makers is what Sum they ſhall have for their own private Uſe, in Caſe they ſhould grow ſurfeited with the matrimonial Banquet, that they may be enabled to purchaſe Tid-bits abroad, when they cannot procure them at home.

Keen

Keen are the Pangs which that Pair feel, who join their Hands in the Temple of *Hymen* with unconſenting Hearts: But when the Union is confirmed by mutual Wiſhes and by mutual Vows, *Felicity* is their conſtant Protectreſs, and *Virtue* ſhowers down unnumbered Bleſſings on her faithful Votaries.

Marriage-Secrets ſhould never be revealed, for Wives and Huſbands by divulging them only proclaim their Folly and Imprudence. The Wiſe among the Wedded, keep their Pleaſures and their Pains within their own Boſoms.

Wedded Pairs, who have oppoſite Diſpoſitions, and are perpetually ſquabbling with each other, make me think of the Union between the *Swallow* and the *Snipe:* The firſt, ſays the Fable, was never pleaſed in *Winter*, the laſt was never diſpleaſed but in *Summer*.

MEDIOCRITY.

Whoever has the leaſt Acquaintance with the World will have frequent Opportunities of acknowledging the Advantages of Mediocrity.

The Middle Station of Life is the Station in which we ſtand the beſt Chance to be virtuous, to be wiſe, and to be happy: When we are in narrow Circumſtances we think only of relieving our Neceſſities; and when we are rich we are buſied in purchaſing all the Gratifications which Riches can procure.

MODESTY.

No Apologies are ſufficient to make amends for an immodeſt Behaviour.

Without Modeſty there are no Charms in Beauty or in Wit: The former is then ungraceful, and the latter unpolite.

MUSICAL

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

If I had been at *Handel*'s Elbow when he ſet to Muſic that noble Ode, *Alexander*'s *Feaſt*, I ſhould have adviſed him, when he came to "Revenge, Revenge, "*Timotheus* cries," to repeat the two firſt Words, with a particular Energy, and not to utter the *laſt* Word with a *ſwelling Voice*.—This is a great Defect in that admirable Compoſition, but eaſily pardonable, if we conſider that the Compoſer, though a Foreigner, has not been excelled, for adapting muſical Sounds to *Engliſh* Words, by any of our own Countrymen. His above-mentioned Performance, his *l'Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo*, ſeveral of his Oratorios, but particularly his *Meſſiah*, ſufficiently ſhew how well he underſtood Expreſſion, and how well he knew to make the "Sound "an Echo to the Senſe."

MUTABILITY.

Mutability in many Cafes is a Mark of Wiſdom, and Steadineſs is a Sign of Folly.

Never to change ones Mind is always to be a Fool.

He who is perpetually addicted to Mutability, makes himſelf not only contemptible but unhappy.

How can we have a high Opinion of *his* Intellects, who is as variable as the Wind? How can we eſteem him as a Friend, who is as little to be depended upon, as the "Smooth Surface of a "Summer Sea?"

O.

OBSTINACY.

THE Mind of an obſtinate Man is never open to Conviction: All Light, all Information is precluded from

from it. The moſt cogent Arguments, inſtead of making him ſenſible of his Errors, only inflame his iraſcible Paſſions, and make him afraid to be convinced of his Miſtakes.

OLD AGE.

He who is deſirous of enjoying a comfortable old Age, ſhould conſider while he is in the "Heyday of his "Blood," that he cannot always be young, and ſhould fill his Mind with all Kinds of uſeful Knowledge, that he may make the Evening of his Life glide away with Serenity and Satisfaction.

He who totters on the Verge of the Grave, unſupported by the Pillars of Sprightlineſs and Strength, and has no Taſte for intellectual Delights, but ſighs for Pleaſures which he is unable to obtain; Pleaſures which he enjoyed when his Limbs were active, his Nerves vi-

gorous, and Sinews ſtrong, is pre-eminently wretched, becauſe he wiſhes to invert the Order of Nature, and alter the Diſpenſations of Providence.

Nature has wiſely aſſigned Limits to Life as well as to all other Things, and the End of it, like the concluding Act of a Play, is old Age: The Fatigues of which we ſhould ſtudiouſly endeavour to avoid, particularly when our Appetites are blunted.

There is not, in my Opinion, a more deſpicable Creature in the World, than an old Man who regrets the Loſs of libidinous Gratifications, becauſe he diſcovers a prepoſterous Inclination to reenjoy Pleaſures which cannot be recalled.

When "Tides of youthful Blood "run high," Life itſelf may without any Impropriety be ſtyled a Fever, and the Enjoyments of it are only the Imaginings of a Man rendered delirious by that

that inflaming Diſtemper. It is as irrational to mourn for the Return of the ſultry Seaſon of Life, as to be grieved for the Loſs of the enchanted Caſtles, magnificent Edifices, blooming Fields, and Arcadian Groves, which *Fancy* preſented to our View in a Dream.

Thoſe who liſten attentively to the *ſtill ſmall* Voice of Reaſon, and ſuffer not their Paſſions to run away with them, will, I believe, readily confeſs that our Capacities for all rational Enjoyments are not diminiſhed by Years, and that the ſober *Autumnal* Part of Life, is far the moſt deſirable one, while it is healthy.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunities ſhould never be neglected, becauſe they can never be recalled.

There are ſome Opportunities ſo particularly favourable, that a Man may be

be almoſt certain of Succeſs, if he arreſts them in the Midſt of their Flight; but if he ſuffers them to ſoar out of his Reach, he may perhaps never ſee them fluttering again before him.

OUTWARD-SHOW.

A ſhowy Outſide prepoſſeſſes thoſe we meet with in our Favour. All Sorts of People are ſenſible of the Advantages of it. The petty Tradeſman, by ſtriking in with this prevailing Humour, often riſes from a Shop ſcarce big enough to turn himſelf in, to a roomy Warehouſe: And the blooming Beauty, by the Pains ſhe takes to ſet off her Perſon to Advantage, by calling in the Aſſiſtance of Lace, Jewels and Embroidery, tacitly informs you that ſhe is afraid to truſt entirely to the Charms of Nature, for the rapturous Eulogies of Admiration.

The

The World is ſo ready to be caught by a flattering Exterior, that many People have acquired a Fortune merely by appearing *not to want one.*

P.

PARENTS.

THE Severity, the Obſtinacy, and the Mercenarineſs of Parents, occaſion a great deal of connubial Infelicity. How many unſuitable Couples are yoked together becauſe their Fathers Eſtates lie contiguous to each other!

Thoſe Parents who think they take care of the *Main Chance*, when they ſecure large Jointures and ſwinging Settlements, think very abſurdly. The *Main Chance* is Happineſs: A Jewel not to be purchaſed by all the Acres and Bank-Notes in the World.

Philaurus is one of theſe wrong-headed Fathers. He ſacrificed not long ſince, his

his Daughter, an ingenious, worthy, good-natured Girl, to the Embraces of an illiterate, ill-natured, ill-mannered, and immoral Country Gentleman; but hugs himſelf becauſe he imagines he has made a ſhrewd Bargain. I think, however, he has no Reaſon to brag of his Sagacity. His Son-in-law is a downright *Squire*, and conſequently a *queer Animal*. He ſpends more of his Time with his Horſes than with his Wife, and loves his Hounds much better than his Children. A Horſe-Race, a Fox-Chace, and a Cock-Match are his ſupreme Delights. In ſhort, he looks upon his Wife and Children as Clogs and Incumbrances, and never mentions them but with a contemptuous Grin. "What a charming Life," ſays he often, "ſhould I lead, if I was not "fettered with Madam and her Brats! "But the Bitch had a good Purſe tied "to the Tail of her Smock, or elſe by "Jupiter, *Tom D*—— would have ſeen "her

" her at the Devil before he had given " her his Fiſt."

Thoſe Parents who ſuffer not their Children to be early acquainted with Public Life are highly cenſurable.

When young People know nothing of the Ways of the World, they are ſeduced by artful hypocritical Villains, who make it their whole Buſineſs to prey upon the unexperienced, and to allure them by imperceptible Gradations from Folly to Folly, and from Vice to Vice. And when, by gradual Deviations from Rectitude they become ſuperlatively corrupt, they too often uſe all their Efforts to make others as immoral as themſelves, inſtead of being ſmote by Repentance, and deſirous of returning into the Paths of Virtue.

Fathers too often forget that their Sons have Bodies to be poliſhed, and Mothers too often forget that their Daughters have Minds to be cultivated.

Mental

Mental and perſonal Accompliſhments ſhould always go Hand in Hand, becauſe they ſet off each other to Advantage. A Man who has only been educated within the Walls of a College, ſeldom makes a ſtriking Figure in the World for want of the Poliſh of Politeneſs, and a graceful Carriage; and the Woman who has only had a few Boarding-School Qualifications, generally makes a contemptible Appearance in the Eyes of all ſenſible People.

Parents are too apt to train up their Sons to Profeſſions, which they happen to be fond of themſelves, without conſidering whether the Profeſſions they pitch upon are ſuitable to their Genius, and their Intellects.

It is from this abſurd Diſpoſition in Parents to conſult their own Inclinations more than thoſe of their Children, on ſo intereſting an Occaſion, that we ſee ſo many Profeſſions diſgraced by the Behaviour

haviour of Perſons who might have made a very good Figure, perhaps, had they been ſuffered to chuſe their favourite Employments.

PARTY-SPIRIT.

A violent Attachment to a Party is too apt to engender diſquieting Paſſions in the Breaſts of very deſerving People, who would never have been agitated by them on their own private Account.

Whiggiſm and Toryiſm, the Court Intereſt and the Country Intereſt, are ridiculous Diſtinctions. The true Patriot belongs to no Party, but ſpeaks and acts for the Good of his Country, according to his Judgment and his Conſcience.

PASSION.

He is a very good Horſeman, who can, by judiciouſly managing the Reins of *Reſolution*, hinder *Paſſion* from running

ning away with him, or throwing him out of the Saddle of *Reaſon*.

Paſſion is ſo mettleſome a Beaſt, that no Body ſhould venture upon his Back without a Curb-Bridle.

PEEVISHNESS.

Peeviſhneſs is *always* a Foible; *ſometimes* a Vice.

People of a fretful, ſplenetic Diſpoſition, who are apt to over-rate their Merit, and to think, on every little Failure of Reſpect, that they are treated with Inſolence, when they are diſconcerted by their own Folly, and pained for their Pride, impute their Uneaſineſſes rather to a Defect in their Bodies, than their Minds.

Sometimes, indeed, the Spleen may be accounted for from external Cauſes. The Imagination is ſometimes diſturbed by quick Variations of the Weather, and the Fumes of Indigeſtion. Every Thing

Thing then appears to them in a bad Light. The Splenetic of this Stamp are commonly thoſe who are ſluggiſhly indolent, anxiouſly thoughtful, and innocently unfortunate. Such People ſhould awake from their lethargic Slumbers, and ſhake them off by plunging into buſy or amuſive Scenes.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philoſophy amuſes not herſelf only in Schemes of Fancy and Speculations of Idleneſs: She intereſts herſelf in the Direction of all ſocial Life. She keeps not her Lamp burning, merely for her own Uſe, in a cloyſtered Corner, but trims it for the Benefit of Mankind, and holds it out with equal Benevolence to the Peaſant and to the Prince.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

I have ſeen very ſtupid Men look ſo archly, that thoſe who did not know them

them would think they were very ſagacious; and I have ſeen Men of rare Parts, in whoſe Foreheads you would ſwear Idiotiſm was written in conſpicuous Characters.

Thoſe who pretend to be ſhrewd Phyſiognomiſts are often obliged to own themſelves *at fault*. He who can diſcover the "Mind's Conſtruction in the "Face," muſt, indeed, be a Man of uncommon Penetration.

Were the two Sexes to appear always in *their own Faces*, one might perhaps gueſs at the Movements *within*, by the Motions *without*. But the Majority put on *Faces* as well as *Cloaths*, for public View, and therefore with the Majority it is no eaſy Matter to be intimately acquainted.

The Pretenders to phyſiognomical Knowledge (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) are more frequently miſtaken about Pride than about any other Paſſion. I know many

many who ſeem to be as proud as Lucifer at firſt Sight, but are really the beſt-natured, moſt unreſerved and open-hearted People in the World.

We ſhould never be prepoſſeſſed againſt a Man becauſe he has a forbiding Aſpect, and a ſtately Air, but ſuſpend our Opinion of him, till we have had a friendly *tête a tête* with him.

Outſides are very deceitful. He who diſguſts you with his formal Looks, and ſuperb Gait in the Street, often delights you with his frank Behaviour, and converſible Talents in a Chamber.

Lyſander is one of the moſt courteous, affable, and good-humoured Men in the Kingdom; but any Perſon, unacquainted with his Character, would with Reaſon imagine that he is haughty, moroſe, and unpolite. *Lyſander* has a Solemnity in his Aſpect, and a Stiffneſs in the Movement of his Limbs, which make common Obſervers paſs Sentence on

on him too haſtily, by calling him a proud Man. The Truth is, *Lyſander* is a great Admirer of Tragedy, and thinks he appears with more Dignity, and commands more Regard, by affecting to ſtalk with the Majeſty, and to look with the Importance of a Hero in Buſkins.

PIETY.

The Breaſt of the truly pious Man is never chilled with the Diſappointments which he meets with in this World, becauſe he is animated with the ſoul-enlivening Hope of enjoying, in a ſhort Time, unallayed, and unſatiable Pleaſures in a *future State*.

No Motive of Action but *Piety*, can enable us to endure the Viciſſitudes of Life, with Patience, Chearfulneſs, and Fortitude.

PLEA-

PLEASURE.

We generally ſurfeit ourſelves with the Cordials which are adminiſtered to us by *Pleaſure*, becauſe we are too much intoxicated with them to know when to remove the bewitching Goblet from our Lips.

Vain is the Aſſiſtance of Wiſdom to keep our Paſſions from running away with us, when *Venus* or *Circe* make uſe of their wily Arts to ſeduce them. Men are frail Creatures, and are only made wiſe and good, by ſmarting for their Follies and their Vices.

Our Pleaſures are deſtroyed by the moſt trifling Things in the World, and may be compared to Beds of Flowers, among which ſome will undoubtedly be cruſhed, and one cruſhed Flower is ſufficient to diſquiet us.

POWER.

POWER.

Power is of ſo intoxicating a Nature, that a Man who has a Regard for his Reputation, and deſires to paſs his Days with Tranquillity, will chuſe rather to follow, than to lead; to obey, than to command.

Power, unleſs it is managed with a great deal of Addreſs, only expoſes a Man the more to the *Frowns* of *Hatred*, and the *Hiſſes* of *Contempt*.

No Flaſhes of Good-humour, no ſudden Spurts of Liberality can make amends for the Pain which we endure from the *Freaks* of *Imperiouſneſs*, and the *Inſults* of *Oppreſſion*.

All Degrees of Inferiority ſhould be treated with Tenderneſs and Humanity. Men generally look up to thoſe who ſtand on a riſing Ground with envious Eyes, becauſe they think they are poſted more advantageouſly than themſelves; and

and if thoſe who are ſo poſted, triumph over them with a ſupercilious Air, and trample upon them with Inſolence, their Diſpoſitions will undoubtedly be ſoured, and they will uſe all their Endeavours to gall their arbitrary Oppreſſors. The Grievances they endure will rouze them to ſeek Redreſs, and to ſhake off the Yoke of Servitude.

PRIDE.

A Man who takes a Pleaſure in being proud, waſpiſh, and overbearing, in aſſuming a monarchical Air, and in playing the King among his Acquaintance, only withers the Comforts of Life, and bullies away his Happineſs.

Without expatiating on the Folly of a tyrannical Behaviour, and without dwelling on the Unjuſtneſs of it, one may venture to ſay that it is always the diſtinguiſhing Mark of a mean, ſelfiſh, and contemptible Diſpoſition.

PROJECTORS.

It is always right to animate, by Praiſes and Rewards, thoſe who invent Schemes for the Advantage of Society, becauſe they often hit upon uſeful and unexpected Diſcoveries, and ſometimes are beneficial to the World, though their Projects miſcarry.

The Philoſopher's Stone, the Quadrature of the Circle, the Longitude, and the perpetual Motion, are the Secrets in Chymiſtry, Geometry, Aſtronomy, and Mechanics, which have not yet been found out by human Sagacity. Thoſe, however, who have unſucceſſfully buſied their Brains to develop them, ought not to be placed in a contemptible Light, becauſe they have made many uſeful Diſcoveries in the above-mentioned Sciences, and benefited Mankind in the Midſt of their Purſuit after Chimeras.

PRO-

PRONUNCIATION.

Garrick is the moſt correct Speaker on our Stage, but *Garrick* himſelf has his Moments of Forgetfulneſs. In the Delivery of ſome Speeches, when a lively Pronunciation with an elevated Voice is particularly requiſite, he is apt to diſguſt the Ear of Judgment, by pauſing with Impropriety. I have heard him ſay in *Richard*,

> Draw, Archers, draw —— Your Arrows to the Head.

inſtead of,

> Draw, Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head.

And I have heard him ſay in *Lear*,

> I will do ſuch Things, what they are yet —— I know not.

inſtead of,

> I will do ſuch Things——what they are——yet I know not.

But theſe are ſlight Inaccuracies, committed when the Perſonages he repreſents are agitated by tumultuous Paſſions, and ought therefore to be pointed out with Candor, not cenſured with Acrimony or magnified with Malice. *Richard* is rouzed to martial Ardor by the Rebellion of his Subjects, and *Lear* is irritated to breathe nothing but Revenge, by the unnatural Behaviour of his undutiful Daughters. The Perfections of our incomparable *Roſcius* outnumber his Defects, and if the latter were more numerous, they would ſtill be eclipſed by the former.

PROPHANENESS.

Prophaneneſs is a Vice of the firſt Magnitude. It is aſtoniſhing that the moſt knowing and ingenious Men will laviſh their Wit on the only Subject on which they ſhould never exert it, Religion.

Men

Men of this ludicrous Turn may juſtly be called public Nuiſances, becauſe they diſturb the Peace of Society, by artfully confounding right and wrong, and by filling weak Heads with numberleſs Doubts and Perplexities.

They who endeavour by ſophiſtical Arguments to render Virtue and Religion ridiculous, ought to be laſhed with all the Poignancy of Satire. If ſuch Men would ſeriouſly reflect on the Abſurdity of their Conduct, and conſider that Numbers, leſs enlightened than themſelves, may be made very unhappy, by ſingling them out as Guides and following their Examples, they would, I am willing to hope, be more ſollicitous to lead them into the Paths of Truth, than to decoy them into the Labyrinths of Error.

PROSPERITY.

Thoſe who have been only acquainted with Proſperity, have only ſeen the World by Halves.

R.

READING AND READERS.

HE who has pored over a Multitude of Volumes on all Subjects, and ſtored his Mind with a chaotic Heap of Obſervations, without being able to apply them with Propriety, is like a Country Clown loaded with warlike Accoutrements in which he cannot move, and encumbered with Weapons which he cannot manage: But he who knows how to make a proper Uſe of his literary Acquiſitions, is like an experienced Officer, who is thoroughly verſed in all Branches of the military Art, and can perform all his

his Exerciſes with Readineſs and Dignity.

Some Men have in reading, what others have in eating, a keen Appetite, but a bad Digeſtion. All the intellectual Food they devour floats upon the Surface of the Mind, as a Straw upon the Surface of the Water, but never ſinks.

Of thoſe who improve their Minds by reading the Number is ſmall, becauſe few are inclined to peruſe the Productions of an Author unleſs he treats of their favourite Subject, in their favourite Way. If *his* Sentiments tally with their own, he writes with Judgment and Ingenuity; but if he runs counter to their darling Opinions, he is "a conceited Scribbler," "a weak Arguer," one who "ſees Things in a wrong Light," and is "fond of venting odd "Notions."

Two thirds of your violent Readers fly from Book to Book as a Glutton flies

from Diſh to Diſh at a public Entertainment; devouring, but not digeſting.

By converſing too much with the Dead, we inſenſibly acquire a Moroſeneſs which hinders us from receiving a great deal of Satisfaction from the Living.

REASON.

Reaſon, though a conſummate General, ſometimes marches with ſo much Deliberation, that his active Adverſary *Paſſion* ſtrikes many fatal Blows before he can give him Battle.

Sudden Temptations are moſt dangerous, for when the Senſes are briſkly attacked by unexpected Objects, General *Reaſon* has not Leiſure to ſend a Detachment of Body-Guards to their Aſſiſtance.

RELI-

RELIGION.

Religion has been more injured by her indiſcreet Friends, than by her profeſſed Enemies.

He who ridicules Religion, and endeavours to place it in a contemptible Light, diſcovers a weak Head, and a wicked Heart, becauſe on Religion the Happineſs of Mankind evidently depends.

REVENGE.

Revenge is a Frailty incident to diſtempered Minds, which receive a mean Satisfaction by the Indulgence of it, becauſe they are too proud to bear an Affront, and too weak to forgive an Injury.

Revenge infects a Man's Vitals, throws Nature into Convulſions, and till it is rooted out of the Breaſt, he cannot ex-

pect to enjoy a Moments Health or Satisfaction.

Revenge, when it becomes habitual and ſprings from Inclination, is the Temper of a *Lord Inquiſitor*. A revengeful Man is a Stranger to Humanity; his ruling Paſſions are Cruelty and Pride; the worſt Paſſions by which he can be governed.

RICHES.

They who are in affluent Circumſtances are always careſſed with Ardor by thoſe, who, from their Riches, expect not to receive the ſmalleſt Advantages. There is no accounting for this Behaviour of the World by Argumentation: One cannot pretend to reaſon about the Laws of Faſhion.

Riches are to the Pious and the Sage, both in active and retired Life, the Means of Virtue, and ſerve the moſt laudable Purpoſes; but the Merit lies only

only in the Management, and not in the Poſſeſſion of them.

The Majority of rich Men are corrupted and rendered odious by their Riches.

When our Poſſeſſions are large, our Paſſions are apt to be rampant and uncontroulable, and urges us with Impetuoſity to wiſh for every Thing which comes within the Reach of our Eyes. We are, therefore, whimſically pained from Morning to Night by the Intruſion of Uneaſineſſes, with which thoſe who liſten not to the Syren Voice of Fancy, but govern themſelves by the golden Rules of Reaſon, are totally unacquainted.

ROMANCES.

Romances, under the Management of a judicious Writer, convey Inſtruction to all Ranks of Mankind in all Circumſtances, in an amuſing Way: But the common

common Herd of Novelliſts neither afford Inſtruction nor Amuſement, becauſe their Characters both in *High* and *Low* Life are equally *outrées*. Some diſguſt you with the Wildneſs, and others ſhock you with the Meanneſs of their Productions: The firſt by ſoaring above, the laſt by creeping below Nature; but few charm us by following her with the Aſſiduity of a *Cervantes* and a *Fielding*, a *Marivaux* and a *Richardſon*.

ROYALTY.

The Crown of that Prince who lives not in the Hearts of his Subjects is but in a tottering Condition, but the Prince who is beloved by his People, ſits on a Throne of Adamant, founded on a Rock.

S.

S.

SATIRE.

THE ſevereſt Way of ſatirizing a Man is to extol him for Virtues which every one knows he never practiſed.

The World is ſeldom benefited by general Satire, becauſe few People will put the Cap upon their own Heads, while they pleaſe themſelves with thinking that it will fit other Heads as well.

Witty Satires may be compared to poiſoned Arrows, which render every Wound they give mortal.

The Satiriſt who really intends to benefit Mankind by making them aſhamed of their Vices and their Follies, ſhould mingle Honey with his Gall. He may attack the *Diſeaſe* with the Strength of a Lion, but he ſhould treat the *Patient* with the Tenderneſs of a Lamb.

A good-natured Satiriſt is a uſeful Member of Society.—He exclaims againſt the Vices of Men, without abuſing their Perſons. He is prompted by Virtue to diſcountenance Immoralities of all Kinds, and impelled by Humanity to cure thoſe who are radically corrupt, by Lenitives rather than by Corroſives.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Great and numerous are the Advantages of Self-Knowledge. If we are thoroughly acquainted with our own Foibles and Frailties, we ſhall learn the Neceſſity of correcting them, and by endeavouring to correct them, acquire, by Degrees, a Rectitude and Steadineſs of Mind, which will enable us to bear, not only the little Diſappointments and Vexations of Life, but even the Calamities and Misfortunes "which Fleſh "is Heir to," without Peeviſhneſs and without Dejection.

It

It is for want of communing with ourſelves that we are too often addicted to Deſpondency, when we meet with croſs Accidents. We are afraid to arm ourſelves with Reſolution, to turn our Eyes inward, and to take an impartial Survey of the State of our Hearts. Our Self-Love is hurt by ſuch a Scrutiny. We are ſhocked at the Appearance we make to ourſelves during the Moments of Examination. Our Paſſions are ſtrong and lively, our Prejudices deeply rooted, and it is an arduous Taſk to regulate the firſt, and to remove the laſt.

While the Bark of Life glides along with propitious Gales, we flatter ourſelves that all is right at the Helm: But as ſoon as a Storm ariſes, by the ſudden Variation of the Wind, we are unnerved with Timidity. We ſee every Thing through a falſe Medium, and either mourn for our Misfortunes in Deſpair, or grow clamorouſly diſſatisfied with every

every Body about us, and find fault with others in a fretful Fit, inſtead of blaming our own Errors and making Efforts to rectify them.

Thoſe who ſtore their Minds with Knowledge in the *Spring*, ſtand the beſt Chance to ſpend the *Winter* of Life with Satisfaction. By an early Exertion of his intellectual Faculties, a Man learns to meet the Calamities of Mortality without Surprize, and to bear them without Impatience. Such a Man, when his Reliſh for juvenile Gaieties has been abated by Satiety, is furniſhed with an Entertainment with which he can never be cloyed, and of which he can never be deprived. He who ſinks into the Vale of Years with corrected Paſſions, and regulated Appetites, feels an internal Compoſure, a pure Tranquillity, which the World cannot give. Such a Man is a uſeful and agreeable Companion to himſelf, and beloved by all who are acquainted

quainted with him. He walks to the Verge of the Grave without Trepidation, and when Death commands him to plunge into it, obeys without a murmuring Reluctance, becauſe he is fully convinced that thoſe who have made the beſt uſe of the Talents allotted to them, by an *All-wiſe Being*, HERE, will be amply rewarded by the *ſame Being*, HEREAFTER.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

Many clever Men have met with diſcouraging Rebuffs by their Self-ſufficiency, and have, by neglecting to conſult their Friends, ſuffered others with ſlower Capacities, but more Induſtry and Steadineſs, to diſtance them.

If thoſe who have a very high Opinion of themſelves, and treat others with a ſupercilious Air, were ſenſible how ridiculous they appear in the Eyes of the Perſons whom they affect to hold

in

in Contempt, they would ſoon, I imagine, lower their Sails, and behave with more Politeneſs, Humanity, and Decorum.

SHAME.

Shame is either a very beneficial or a very detrimental Paſſion. It ſometimes hinders a modeſt Man from making his Way in the World by laudable Methods, and ſometimes deters an impudent one from purſuing criminal Deſigns.

SLEEP.

Sleep is highly beneficial to us whether we are in a State of Felicity or a State of Wretchedneſs: To make us enjoy the Comforts of Life with a double Reliſh, by Intervals of Abſence, or to make us bear the Misfortunes of it with Patience, by Intervals of Eaſe.

SOLI-

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

The Felicity of human Life depends on mutual Aſſiſtance: It may be in Solitude preſerved, but it can only be in Society enjoyed.

Solitude is ſometimes a Vice, a Virtue never.

No Man can live contentedly in the moſt ſolitary Retreat, unleſs he can bear to live retired amidſt the Buſtle of Society.

He who would enjoy Society and Solitude advantageouſly, muſt enjoy them alternately.

Solitary People generally think too much, and thoſe who hate Retirement too little.

He who ſecludes himſelf from the buſtling World only to paſs away his Days in uſeleſs Inactivity, has a Heart unwarmed with any generous Paſſion,

and

and deſerves to be pointed at by the Finger of Contempt. But he who ſhelters himſelf in the Shades of Solitude, after having been ſerviceable to Society, not only by forming Schemes for its Benefit, but by doing a thouſand public-ſpirited Actions, retreats with univerſal Applauſe, becauſe he retreats with Honour. No Body envies him the Enjoyment of his Moments of Tranquillity, for even in thoſe Moments he gives evident Proofs of his Philanthropy.

When we call Man a ſociable Creature, we either mean that he is fond of the Converſation of Creatures reſembling himſelf, or that he takes a Delight in the Welfare of thoſe with whom he herds, which he has a natural Deſire to promote with as much Diligence as his own.

Man is, by this benevolent Diſpoſition, only diſtinguiſhed from the Brute Creation; for there are ſeveral Kinds of

grega-

gregarious Animals who love to aſſociate together, and who ſeem to expreſs a ſenſible Satisfaction in the Company of each other. There is, however, a very ſtriking Difference between Man, who is a rational Being, and the Beaſts of the Earth, though this herding Diſpoſition in irrational Animals, reſembles in ſome Meaſure the ſame Diſpoſition in Mankind.

It is merely from a blind Inſtinct that the Beaſts are deſirous of being together, for they propoſe no Advantage to themſelves by uniting. Man who has beſides Inſtinct, the Gift of Reaſon, and beſides that Gift the Faculty of Speech, chuſes Society rather than Solitude, becauſe he is ſenſible of his own Imbecillity and Indigence, which urge him to implore the Aid and Aſſiſtance of his Fellow-Creatures, and becauſe he hopes to acquire Knowledge by converſing with them. This Quality alone, this Love of Society

ciety exalts Man above all other Animals, and entitles him to the Character of a ſociable Creature.

But Mankind do not ſo much excel the Brute-Creation in their Love of Society, from a View of Advantage thereby, as by their *Penchant* to make each other happy, and to rejoyce in each other's Felicity. By this laudable, this noble Principle, as well as by Self-love, are Men cloſely knit together: By this Principle they are impelled to be ſollicitous about the common Good, not only as their own is interwoven with it, but from a more generous and unmercenary Motive, BENEVOLENCE.

An ingenious Writer, who is very apt to reaſon right upon wrong Principles, tells us, in a Diſcourſe on the Obligations and Duties of Men in Society, that the State of Nature is a State of War, or in other Words, that all Men are naturally diſpoſed to invade the Liber-

ties,

ties, Properties, and Lives of each other; and that they are only prevented from committing the moſt criminal Outrages, by cowardly Qualms, and prudential Conſiderations. — This Maxim is not much unlike the old one, *Homo homini Lupus*, and it is with the utmoſt Concern I am forced to ſay that there are a great many human Wolves to be daily met with. But all Inſtances of this Kind are not properly Specimens and Examples of human Nature; they are rather Aberrations from it, and the ſame in the *moral*, as Monſters are in the *natural* World.

Men are generally linked together in an affectionate Manner, till miſtaken Notions, and vicious Cuſtoms have corrupted them: Then they ceaſe to act like Creatures endowed with peculiar Privileges, and forget to imitate the wiſeſt, greateſt, beſt of Beings, of whoſe divine

divine Nature Goodneſs is the moſt amiable Attribute.

If Nature, ere it had been warped by Cuſtom, was ſo deteſtable as ſome have drawn it, it is amazing that Men, in order to expreſs a gentle, tender, pitying Diſpoſition, have ſo unanimouſly agreed to honour it with the Name of *Humanity*. One would be apt to imagine from hence, that there was a *ſmall* Difference between an humane and a brutal Temper.

Thoſe who are moſt abandoned, degenerate, and corrupt, are thoroughly ſenſible of their Duty in this Caſe, and acknowledge it too, by affecting to be thought of an affable and friendly Diſpoſition by the Perſons with whom they have any Tranſactions. They are very ready to make uſe of thoſe endearing Expreſſions which have been almoſt conſecrated by Cuſtom, and thereby indirectly confeſs that Humanity and Philan-

Philanthropy are cloſely connected together.

STRENGTH.

Strength is only burdenſome except it is under the Direction of Wiſdom. It is apt to preſume upon its Powers with Arrogance, but is frequently vanquiſhed by the ſlighteſt Artifices.

SUSPENCE.

A State of Suſpence is full of ſo much Anxiety, that we frequently receive ſome Conſolation by knowing the worſt.

T.

TASTE.

TASTE, in the preſent Age, is an Appellation with which we honour every new Whim invented by *Fancy*, and every old one received at the Command of Faſhion.

The Multitude of little Edifices, groteſque and wild, which ſprout up like Muſhrooms every Summer in the *Environs* of this Metropolis, particularly on the eye-delighting Banks of our majeſtic and beautifully winding River, are, in my humble Opinion, very offenſive Objects, though they are conſtructed "ſomething after the Manner of the "Chineſe," and ſtand as glaring Proofs of the Degeneracy of our Taſte in Building, ſince *Jones* and *Wren* were the Architects in Vogue.

TEARS.

He who thinks that Weeping is diſgraceful, is himſelf a Diſgrace to his Species.

Tears grace the Cheek of Manhood when they are the Marks of Tenderneſs. Cruelty alone is dry-eyed.

TIME.

TIME.

The Fictions of Falſhood are cancelled, and the Deciſions of Truth ratified, by the Sentence of Time.

TIMIDITY.

Preſence of Mind is a very deſirable Advantage. It is for want of that we frequently run into the Mouth of Danger, and tumble down the Precipice of Deſtruction.

Fear intercepts the Succours which Reaſon diſpatches to our Aſſiſtance, and treacherouſly delivers us into the Hands of our Enemies.

It is obſervable that People of a timorous Diſpoſition, when they are alarmed by a Fire or by Thieves, ſave, in their Fright, the moſt trifling Things they poſſeſs, and leave the moſt valuable ones to be conſumed by the Flames, or carried off by the Plunderers.

TRAGEDIES.

Tragedies which are founded on Stories in private Life, make a deeper and more laſting Impreſſion on our Minds, than thoſe founded on public Tranſactions, becauſe we are particularly intereſted in the Calamities which befall the Characters in them.

Few People feel the Anguiſh of *Antony* and *Andromache*, *Alexander* and *Almeria*, becauſe few People can be in their Situation: but the Misfortunes of *Beverly* are felt by Thouſands, becauſe Gaming is of Thouſands the Ruin.

In the Exhibition of new Tragedies now-a-days, the Eye is generally bribed that the Head may be prejudiced. Gaudy Decorations, and a thouſand Tricks are made uſe of to throw Spirit into a languid Performance. Without theſe ſcenical *Fourberies*, few modern Tra-

Tragedies would be acted, I believe, with Applauſe.

I once aſked an ingenious *French* Author, whether the perpetual Recurrence of ſimilar Rhymes in the Tragedies repreſented by his Countrymen, did not diſguſt the Ears of the Audience. He told me that a judicious Actor always took care to pronounce the Lines allotted to him ſo artfully, that the Gingling of the Rhymes might not be perceptible. — Why then, ſaid I, ſhould a Poet give himſelf any Trouble about them? Why ſhould he rack his Brains to no Purpoſe? Theſe Queſtions puzzled. He was candid enough to own that Tragedies in Rhyme were very unnatural Performances.

TRAGEDY-HEROS.

When two martial Heros, after they have had a keen Encounter with their Tongues, prepare for an Engagement

with their Swords, they diſpoſe of their Hats and their Truncheons with ſuch a graceful Careleſſneſs, unſcabbard their bright Weapons with ſuch Agility and Addreſs, and throw themſelves into ſuch enchanting Attitudes, that I think a Tragedy-Duel is one of the prettieſt Sights exhibited upon the Stage.

TRAGI-COMEDIES.

Of all the *Capriccios* which ever entered into a Poet's teeming Brain, the Tragi-Comedy may juſtly be deemed the moſt abſurd and irrational one.

A Man who ſhould attempt to weave the Adventures of *Ulyſſes* and *Don Quixote* together in one Piece, might, perhaps, by ſuch an odd Compoſition, catch little Readers, and afford them great Entertainment; but ſurely all thoſe of Taſte and Diſcernment would exclaim againſt ſo wild, ſo romantic a Scheme.

By

By introducing an under Plot of the comic Kind, though compleat in all its Parts, by exhibiting Merriment in one Scene, and Diſtreſs in another, our Attention is too much diverted from the main Story, and our Concern for thoſe who ſuffer too much weakened by ſuch quick Tranſitions. The beſt of theſe motley Performances are not to be vindicated. The Authors of them wrote them merely to comply with the Taſte of a depraved Age.

Why ſhould not a Play conſiſting of three or four Acts be deemed as perfect as one of five?—If the rigid Laws impoſed by the ancient Critics, and ſtill obeyed by the modern, are directly contrary to the Dictates of common Senſe, ſhould they not be annulled? And ſhould not others be ſubſtituted in their Room?—But who will have Courage enough to deviate from the beaten Track? Ay, there's the Point, for till ſome Per-

ſon of Eminence in the literary World, makes the firſt hardy Attempt, the ſame formal Method of proceeding, abſurd as it is, muſt be kept up.

The Tragedy of *Oroonoko*, though loaded with a great many Excreſcencies, is an excellent Performance. The Beauties in it, though clouded over, break forth and charm; but how much more forcibly would they ſtrike, were they viewed in their full Luſtre! If it was ſtripped of all the low Wit and dull Buffoonery, it might be converted into a very affecting Play of three Acts: And if an Audience ſhould be too much affected by the uniform Diſtreſs in it, the Underplot *farcified* might ſerve well enough to exhilarate them afterwards.

TRIFLES.

Thoſe who are careleſs about Trifles, are apt to be too diſſipated when Matters of Conſequence are in Agitation.

Trifles

Trifles are not to be ſlighted and diſregarded, for it is by attending to them that we habituate ourſelves to be thoughtful and conſiderate about Matters of Moment.

The *firſt* are often introductory to the *laſt*. Numberleſs Inſtances might be produced to corroborate this Aſſertion. I will only mention a ſtriking one. *Large Fortunes are raiſed by the Accumulation of ſmall Sums.*

TRUTH.

A diſpleaſing and unprofitable Truth is frequently joſtled out of the Mind, to make Way for a pleaſing and profitable Error.

Truth is often more injured by the fiery Zeal of her Defenders, than by the Attacks of her Opponents.

V.

VIRTUE.

THERE are certain Moments when Virtue throws Nature into the moſt diſquieting Situation, by the Severity of her Commands, and the Rigour of her Injunctions.

The Joys of Virtue are ſo tranſporting, and its Griefs are ſo keen, that the Vulgar of the World are never acquainted with the former or the latter. Thoſe only can feel both, who have the moſt exquiſite Senſibility.

VIRTUOSOS.

The Works of Nature are wonderful and innumerable. The ſmalleſt Atom has Qualities, with which it could not have been endowed but by the *Fiat* of a Being infinitely powerful and infinitely wiſe. But as the Univerſe is full of the grandeſt

grandeſt Subjects for the Exerciſe of our intellectual Faculties, he who buſies himſelf in admiring the Wings of a Butterfly, diſcovering the Sex of a Mite, and making Reſearches into the moſt trivial Parts of the Creation, when ſo many noble Fields of Speculation are perpetually before his Eyes, cannot be eſteemed for his Genius, his Capacity, or his Taſte.

All the Curioſities of Nature are worthy our Regard, but a few only ought to engroſs our Attention.

Studies of the above-mentioned Kind, when conſidered as Relaxations from ſeverer ones, are laudable; but it is certainly abſurd in the higheſt Degree to ſpend our Lives in the Purſuit of them.

W.

W.

WISHING.

DRYDEN ſpoke a *home Truth* when he ſaid,

" Men are but Children of a larger Growth."

Every Day's Experience convinces us of the Appoſiteneſs of this Remark.

We are childiſh in many Reſpects, but nothing diſcovers the Infant ſo much in us, as the Diſpoſition to wiſh for ſomething which is not in our Poſſeſſion.

By this infantine Reſtleſſneſs Felicity is precluded, for to be happy, is to be contented with what we have; that is, in general: In ſome particular Caſes, Wiſhing is laudable: When a generous Man, for Example, wiſhes for an Addition to his Income, in order to be more extenſively uſeful, he deſerves Praiſe, becauſe his Intentions are good: But the

the Majority of Wiſhers are corroded by a Paſſion which prompts them to deſire ſomething that would give them new Diſquietudes as ſoon as it was obtained.

Sure 'tis abſurd, impertinent, and vain,
To wiſh for *ſomething* which we cannot gain;
Life's preſent Comforts this at once deſtroys,
And makes us reſtleſs for untaſted Joys.

Heav'n kindly grants the Boon which we implore,
That Boon received, we murmur as before,
By wild Caprice from Youth to Age we're led,
Nor ceaſe Complaints till numbered with the Dead.

Thoſe Things we fondly doat on, when poſſeſs'd,
Inſipid grow, and are no more careſs'd;
One Point obtained, another ſtrikes the Sight,
And *Hope* deludes us with a dazzling Light.

The Miſer, brooding o'er his gilded Heap,
Can no Enjoyment from Poſſeſſion reap,
But always thirſting to increaſe his Store,
In Plenty pines, ridiculouſly poor.

The youthful Stateſman, by Ambition fir'd,
Burns with Impatience for the Point deſir'd;

But

But ere the wiſh'd-for Proſpect is in View,
Soon, ſoon he pants another to purſue.

" Give me a Horſe," *Hilario* cries, " I'll ride,
" There's no Diverſion in the World beſide;"
Till *Fancy* gently whiſpers in his Ear,
" Methinks a *Pair* would more genteel appear."
Theſe, when obtain'd, unnumber'd Wants create;
Now Splendor charms him, Equipage, and State;
Shifting about, inconſtant as the Wind,
To various Schemes at various Times inclin'd;
Whate'er is preſent gives a tranſient Joy,
New Objects ſtrike him, and as quickly cloy.

Fantaſcus, weary'd out with Town-delights,
Days ſpent in Nonſenſe, and luxurious Nights,
Flies to the Country, there expects to meet
Eaſe for his Mind, and Happineſs compleat:
But ſtill paſt Pleaſures are impreſs'd ſo ſtrong,
No rural Scenes can entertain him long.

Prompted by *Fancy*, and the *Love of Gain*,
Mercator braves the rough tempeſtuous Main,
To diſtant Regions ſails with Heart elate,
And home returns both opulent and great.
But has *Mercator* found by change of Air,
That richeſt Prize, an Antidote for Care?

Sir

Sir Flutter hates a ſolitary Life,
And turns his Thoughts on "Family and Wife,"
By them imagines to ſecure Content;—
New Cares perplex him—"Furniture and Rent:"
With Children bleſt, Anxiety commences,
He talks of nothing then but *vaſt Expences.*

Thus Diſcontent ſeems woven in our Frame,
And perfect Bliſs is nothing but a Name.
Yet if we ſtrove with Diligence ſincere,
To keep our Breaſts from cank'ring Envy clear,
Much of this peeviſh Humour would ſubſide:—
The greateſt Bar to Happineſs is PRIDE.

We never know what to wiſh for. Thoſe Things which we deſire with the greateſt Ardor, on a Suppoſition that they would increaſe our Pleaſures, would, perhaps, as ſoon as we obtain them, make an Addition to our Diſquietudes.

WIT.

True Wit is like a poliſhed Diamond, becauſe it both cuts and ſhines: Falſe Wit is like a *Briſtol* Stone, which glit-

ters

ters faintly, but is unable to make any Impreſſion.

Your facetious Gentlemen who deal much in *bodily Wit*, are very queer Companions, and inſufferably troubleſome. *Dick Foxchace* is one of theſe: He ſalutes you with a Slap on the Back, violent enough to make you tumble upon your Noſe, if he happens to overtake you: If he meets you, a Thump on the Pit of the Stomach is the Salutation, accompanied with,—"D——m you *Jack* "or *Tom* (whatever your Name is) give "me your Fiſt,—how fares your Body "my Buff?—Sound as a Roach, I "hope.—A ha, my Heart of Oak!" and other Expreſſions equally ſpirited and friendly.—Now I, who have no Reliſh for this Species of Wit, cannot like to be ſaluted with Slaps, Thumps, Oaths, and boiſterous Language; nor to have my Heels tripped up, nor my Chair drawn haſtily from me juſt when I am going

going to ſit. — Such Jocularities, ſuch Waggeries as theſe, ſeem to be very unfit Amuſements for *grown Gentlemen*, yet they are frequently practiſed by thoſe who are thoroughly acquainted with the Difference between true and falſe Wit, though they have an unlucky Inclination to be *corporeally* rather than *mentally* witty.

A premature Wit is often nipt in the Bud.

Of thoſe who would be thought witty, more than half have no Pretenſions to Wit, and half of thoſe who have juſt Pretenſions, are ruined by it.

When a Man is miſchievouſly witty, he makes a poor Excuſe for the Daggers he plants in your Breaſt, by telling you, with an unfeeling Look, that he meant no Harm, and only intended to divert the Company.

Men who are troubleſome both with their Folly and their Vanity, are fine

Game

Game for Wit and Satire, and ought to be hunted down wherever they are found.

WOMEN.

Young Women look well almoſt in any Dreſs, if they have tolerable Features, Skins, and Shapes, but are leaſt engaging, I think, when they affect to be ſingular, and aim to ſtrike a bold Stroke. Some, indeed, there are, among the moſt whimſical, whoſe natural Beauties are ſo very attracting, that one knows not how to cenſure with Severity the Arrangement of their Ribbons, the Poſition of their Hats, the Trimmings of their Petticoats, or the Formation of their Hoops. But I cannot bear the Sight of a Woman, who, in her grand Climacteric, with a Pair of lack-luſtre Eyes, a wrinkled Forehead, and a duſky Complexion, is tawdrily and plentifully *beribbond* like a Girl in her *Teens*, and aſſumes

aſſumes all the fantaſtic Airs of a finiſhed Coquette.

A *frightful Creature*, with an immenſe Fortune, will always gain more Admirers in a money-loving Age, than a pennileſs *Beauty*: And a debauched, diſeaſed, decrepit *old Fellow*, with a Coach and Six, will always be a more thriving Wooer, than a ſober, healthy, *needy young one*: For Women in general, (I am ſorry to cenſure the Fair-Sex) fall in Love with the Equipage, the Jewels, and the Jointure—not the Man.—But I muſt not cenſure them alone, for the generality of my own Sex are actuated by the ſame mercenary Motives on the ſame Occaſion, and ought therefore to be condemned with equal Vehemence.

If a Woman, when ſhe is going to be married to a battered Rake, would conſider that ſhe is going to be treated with the Leavings of half the Wh——s in Town,

Town, ſhe would not, I believe, receive him to her Arms with Rapture, and embrace him with Ecſtacy.

A handſome Woman who thinks of making her Fortune by her Face, ought to reflect on the Precariouſneſs of all external Accompliſhments, and endeavour to acquire Charms which will not only flouriſh in the Spring, but remain in all Bloom even in the Winter of Life.—Thoſe Charms are intellectual Embelliſhments. She ſhould conſider that Beauty is of an evaneſcent Nature, and that a Man who marries her merely for her Features or her Complexion, will, when they are injured by the Depredations of Time, behold her with Abhorrence and Diſguſt.

Beauties and *Wits* are rarely mentioned while they live, without Injuſtice and Partiality; for thoſe who admire them, and thoſe who envy them, are indiſcreetly laviſh of their Flattery and their Abuſe.

They

They are called Angels by their Friends, and Devils by their Foes, but few talk of them as if they were human Creatures.

A Motto for a Woman of Pleaſure;

QUICUNQUE VULT.

Handſome Women, when they are intoxicated with the Fumes of Adulation, often make themſelves ridiculous, by the Commiſſion of a thouſand Indiſcretions, even in the Eyes of their Admirers.

Coquets and Prudes are both ridiculous, but the former are preferable to the latter, for the ſame Reaſon that an open Diſpoſition is more engaging than a cloſe one.

There are a great many pretty Girls about the Town who twinkle away like Stars, but a complete Beauty is as rarely viſible as a Comet.

Beauties, like Princes, are doomed to have a numerous Train of Flatterers, but

but a ſmall Circle of Friends, for the Majority of thoſe who come within a *Bow* of them, have ſome Point of Intereſt in View. The firſt may as well expect to meet with Gentleneſs in a Tyger, as Sincerity in the Profeſſions of their Admirers; and the laſt may as well expect to find Compaſſion in a Carman, as to hear Truth from the Mouths of their Miniſters.

The Woman who gives her Hand to a Man whom ſhe abhors, merely for the Sake of his Money, deſerves, I think, to be called a Proſtitute, as well as the indigent Female who lets out her Perſon to every Man who will hire it.

Such a Woman may pleaſe herſelf by imagining ſhe is ſkreened by Matrimony from the Reproach of the World, but ſhe deſerves, in my Opinion, no better an Appellation than a wedded Whore.

There are too many Wives in this gay Metropolis, who are more ſollicitous

to

to win the odd Trick, than the Affections of their Huſbands.

When Ladies are ſeized with the Thirſt of Play, they are generally, I think, more fondly attached to the Gaming-Table than our Sex. They triumph with a greater Degree of Exultation, when they meet with Succeſs, and are more violently agitated by thoſe beauty-nipping Paſſions, Rage, Envy, and Diſpair, when they meet with a Diſappointment.

A prudent, frugal, ſober Man, who is yoked with a Woman of this unhappy Turn (unhappy I call it, becauſe the Majority of Gameſters both Male and Female are reduced to Beggary) is truly an Object of Compaſſion.

Z.

Z.

ZEAL.

THE Majority of religious Zealots are influenced by Paſſion, not actuated by Reaſon.

True Zeal is a mild, gentle, heart-cheering, cœleſtial Flame, which animates us to exert ourſelves with Earneſtneſs and Activity in the Cauſe of Religion, but never inſtigates us to call down the avenging Wrath of Heaven on thoſe who differ from us in our Sentiments of Devotion. It may be compared to that kind of Lightning which melts the Sword without burning the Scabbard, becauſe it endeavours to preſerve the Soul without injuring the Body.

MIS-

Miſcellaneous Thoughts.

I AM always particularly delighted when I can reſcue the Character of a worthy Perſon, from the falſe Aſperſions of an envious one.

When we ſay we *can't*, we generally mean, we *won't*.

We are very apt to pity People in a Situation which we cannot ourſelves think of with Pleaſure, not conſidering that what ſeems Wretchedneſs to us, may be Felicity to them.—To be happy is to like what we have. If I prefer plain Meats to high-ſeaſoned Diſhes, I feaſt on them with the Satisfaction of an Epicure.

By neglecting *les petites Morales*, the *leſſer* Morals, we ſometimes become indifferent about the *greater*.

We frequently feel uneaſy Senſations, becauſe we fancy that the World knows as much about us, as we know about ourſelves.

When we ſay one Thing *is* better than another, we generally talk abſurdly, becauſe we generally mean, only, that we *like* one Thing better than another.

Qu. Whether inſtead of "fabuloſus "lambit Hydaſpes," (ſee *Hor.* Lib. I. Od. 22.) we ſhould not read *ſabuloſus*, &c. The *laſt* Epithet ſeems to be a more characteriſtical one than the firſt.

As the Majority of Projectors have *Quixotic* Imaginations, the Majority of their air-built Caſtles vaniſh like the "baſeleſs Fabric of a Viſion."

To enjoy the preſent Hour, without being too anxious about the future—That is true Wiſdom.

To

To make ourſelves uneaſy, by endeavouring to diſcover what is beyond the Ken of a Mortal — That is true Folly.

Compliments made to us by our Enemies are agreeable, but they are at the ſame time *dangerous*.

The Art of acquiring a great deal of Knowledge, is to ſtore the Mind gradually with Ideas, and not to overcharge it.

The moſt ſalutary Medicines, both mental and corporeal, are very often the moſt unpalatable.

Truth may be obſcured a-while by the Miſts of Error, but will ſhine forth at laſt, and diſpel them with its Luſtre.

Human Sagacity cannot think of a Law, which human Subtlety cannot elude.

The Denial of *one* Favour, very often cancels all former Obligations.

The Pain which we feel at the Loſs of ſomething we highly prized, is greatly

encreaſed by our having had it long in our Poſſeſſion.

Our Virtues are rendered more ſtriking, and our Vices leſs ſhocking, by being practiced with Delicacy and Decorum.

While we have tender Affections, which lure us inſenſibly from our Felicity, and make us ſympathize with our Fellow-Creatures in Diſtreſs, the Hearts moſt ſuſceptible of Tenderneſs, will be the moſt frequently diſquieted.

No Point of Excellence is to be attained, without Labour and without Patience: Labour unwearied, and Patience unſhaken.

We are too *intimately* acquainted with the Foibles, Frailties, Follies, and Vices of our Neighbours, and too *ſlightly* with our own.

The moſt exquiſite ſenſual Pleaſures are like Flaſhes of Lightening, always momentary, and like them too, frequently fatal.

Im-

Impudence and Timidity, on account of our mental or corporeal Advantages, are Faults equally diſguſtful, and generally committed by thoſe who either know not, through Ignorance, or give themſelves no Trouble to know, through Indolence, for what they ought to be deteſted, and for what admired.

In Matters of no Conſequence, when the Arguments *pro* and *con* are equally cogent, Neutrality is Prudence.

When the Mind has been long engaged on one Subject, it is not very eaſy to make it attend to another.

The nobleſt, and moſt enviable Privilege of a large Fortune, is to have it in one's Power to alleviate the Diſtreſſes of Mankind, and to make the Heart overwhelmed with Grief, feel pleaſurable Senſations.

The only Way to have no Enemies, is to want no Friends.

Many Eſtates are ſquandered away, and many Eſtates are ſaved, but a few only are properly enjoyed.

The greateſt Compliments a beautiful Woman can receive, are the malicious Cenſures of all the ugly ones among her Acquaintance: For the ſevereſt Sarcaſms of Envy are the higheſt Panegyrics.

Hope is a flattering Goddeſs, and often brings her Votaries into perplexing Difficulties. She often lures them to follow her till they come to the Verge of a Pit-fall, and then leaves them to ſhift for themſelves.

A Similitude of Inclinations is *ſometimes* in the Marriage-State the Foundation of the moſt torturing Uneaſineſſes. When two Perſons, for Inſtance, are infatuated with the Love of ſtrong Waters, Gallantry, or Gaming, they often plunge themſelves into Difficulties not eaſily to be ſurmounted.

The

The grinding of Knives is not a more grating Noiſe to a muſical Ear, than the Babbling of a Fool is to a ſenſible Man.

A Blabber of Secrets, who is impertinently loquacious, is like a Sieve, becauſe he is perpetually letting out every Thing he takes in.

When a Tradeſman aſſures me, in order to make me ſatisfied with the Cheapneſs of my Purchaſe, that he does not get a Farthing by me, I always ſet him down for a Liar, or a Fool.

Thoſe who are of a haggling Diſpoſition, reap no Advantage from it, when they have Dealings with Tradeſmen, who always put an extraordinary Price upon their Goods, when ſuch Cuſtomers apply to them, that they may fall in with their beating-down Humour, and ſecure a comfortable Profit at the ſame Time.

Handſome Girls ſhould ſelect their Intimates from the homely of their Sex;

for if they have any friendly Connections with Girls as handſome as themſelves, they ſtand in each other's Way, and hinder each other from decoying our Sex into the Net of Matrimony.

Thoſe People are too often called witty, who have the *Effronterie* to ſay the rudeſt Things to your Face, and to make you uneaſy, with the utmoſt Unconcern.—A Man of true Wit will level his Arrow at you with ſo much Addreſs, that you ſhall be ſtroked with its Feathers, but not wounded by its Point.

Of the Shortneſs of Life we are continually complaining, and yet are continually ſquandering away our Time with the Careleſſneſs of a Spendthrift.

When a Woman coquets with half a Dozen Lovers at a Time, in order to ſecure one of them for a Huſband, ſhe generally has the Mortification to ſee them all ſlip through her Fingers.

As

As the Sun, after it has emerged from a Cloud, beams forth with redoubled Splendor; ſo Merit, when it has ſilenced the Hiſſes of Envy, ſhines with additional Luſtre.

Nothing ſhews the Weakneſs of our Underſtanding more, than always to *take a good Aim* at other People's Follies, and always to *miſs* our own.

Thoſe who can cure a Diſtemper give Proof of their Knowledge, but thoſe ſhow moſt Wiſdom who can prevent one.

By rejecting Information with Diſdain, when we actually ſtand in Need of it, we convince the Perſons who are willing to inform us, that we are either very ſtupid, or very proud.

To confeſs a Fault which we never committed, through Timidity, is mean; but not to be afraid of denying the

Commiſſion of one, is both mean and criminal.

Loquacity may *ſometimes* be right; Taciturnity can *never* be wrong.

A good Man will never reveal a Secret: A wiſe Man will never deſire to be entruſted with one.

Natural Philoſophy is a Study highly fit to engage the Attention of a rational Creature: But too many of our modern Philoſophic-Virtuoſo-Naturaliſts buſy themſelves in Speculations which rather tend to warp, than to expand the mental Faculties; and waſte their Time in making Diſcoveries which are curious, indeed, but unimportant. A Philoſopher of this Caſt is *ſtrenue iners:* He is indefatigably induſtrious, but as little ſerviceable to Society as if he was totally idle.

There is in ſome Minds ſuch a natural Sterility, that they reſemble the *Deſarts* of

of *Arabia*, which are never to be improved by Culture.

Thoſe who behave with a Sullenneſs, as if they cared not a Straw for your Applauſe, and thoſe who make vigorous Efforts to outſhine us, affront us with equal Pride, and treat us with equal Contempt.

For a Companion, one would chuſe a merry Man; but when Buſineſs is to be tranſacted, a grave one is to be preferred.

The former is generally too volatile to be fit for Buſineſs, the latter too thoughtful to be entertaining.

To be indifferent about giving Pleaſure, is Folly; not to be ready to give it, is Moroſeneſs; but to be eager to pleaſe, is Artifice and Affectation.

There are ſome Tempers ſo happily fortified by Reſolution, that they are Proof againſt the Mines of Proſperity, and the Aſſaults of Adverſity.

The

The Imagination is more ſenſibly touched by *viva-voce* Hints, than Book-Inſtructions.

Every Man has Principles in him which lie dormant, of which he is not conſcious, till they are rouzed by Opportunity.

When a Woman honours a deſerving Man with her Friendſhip, ſhe has too high an Opinion of herſelf, if ſhe thinks ſhe can ſay, "ſo far, but no farther, "will I eſteem him."

Thoſe Lovers who *counterfeit* a Paſſion may deſcribe an Ecſtacy, but thoſe who *feel* Tranſports are dumb.

The moſt dangerous Fires are thoſe which are moſt concealed. The obſtinate Humours of the Mind, like thoſe of the Body, are ſtrengthened, unleſs they are vented, and thereby ſometimes rendered incurable. But a timely Diſcovery of the firſt, and of the laſt, is frequently

quently attended with very pleaſing Conſequences.

It is very neceſſary that young Perſons ſhould be acquainted with the World, that they may gain a ſufficient Stock of political Knowledge, in order to guard themſelves againſt the Sophiſtry of Cunning. But they are generally, by the Indiſcretion of their Parents, *too early* acquainted with it.

There is an inſatiable Curioſity in human Nature to peep into the Myſteries of Futurity, but it is a very abſurd one, becauſe a great Part of our Happineſs in this World ariſes from the Obſcurity which is wiſely thrown by the All-great Diſpoſer of all Things, on our impertinent Reſearches.

When a ſprightly Imagination is not ballaſted by a ſound Underſtanding, it heedleſsly commits ſo many Blunders in Buſineſs, and Converſation, that we ſit upon Thorns, and are condemned to be

be ſilent, for fear we ſhould inadvertently utter a Word that may give it an Opportunity to vent new Abſurdities.

Every Bliſs which we gain in this World, we gain with ſome Degree of Uneaſineſs. The Breaſt which is never pained, can never be pleaſed.

The trifling Train of female Sparklers, may not unaptly be compared to the Dew-drops which glitter in a May-Morning, and ſpread their Colours to the ſolar Rays, but which are ſcattered in the Air, or blown about in Clouds of Duſt by a Whirlwind. They both charm while they laſt, but they are both only the Charms of a Moment.

It is much eaſier for the Generous to forgive an Offence, than for the Offender to implore Forgiveneſs.

Truth, though ſhe ſometimes offends our Eyes, and pains them with her Splendor, is generally as welcome to them, as a friendly unexpected Guide

is

is to the benighted Traveller, who has loſt his Way upon a dreary Heath.

As *Conſpiracies* move on ſeveral Springs, they are liable to many Diſappointments, for if one of them is defective, the Machinery is uſeleſs.

Thoſe who deſerve Misfortunes do not always groan under them. Thoſe who are guilty of no criminal Actions, are ſometimes tortured by the ſevereſt Shocks which can ſtagger Humanity. The obſtinately Virtuous are ſometimes acquainted with Uneaſineſſes which the completely Vicious only ſhould feel.

The meaneſt Tradeſman, and the loweſt Mechanic, ought not to be treated with Contempt: They are of great Conſequence in the World. It is by *their* Labour that Nations flouriſh, and that Mankind enjoy both the Conveniences and Superfluities of Life. Without the toiling Hand of Induſtry, *Avarice* would ſigh over empty Bags, and

Luxury

Luxury would have no Dainties to feaſt upon.

When a Man ſtands on the moſt elevated Pinnacle of human Glory, he ſtands on a very tottering Foundation, and ſeldom deſcends from it with Safety.

Want of Senſibility and Reſentment is not true Equanimity: It is Stockiſhneſs and Folly.

As we are not ſure of a Minute, we ſhould not throw a Minute away.

Reputation is as ſerviceable to Virtue, as *Light* is to a Picture.

He who wiſhes to gain a Conqueſt, either in Love or War, ſhould direct his Attacks with Prudence, repeat them with Reſolution, and wait the Succeſs of them with Patience.

Tenderneſs makes us pity thoſe who are indifferent to us, in Affliction; but when thoſe whom we highly eſteem are unfortunate, we not only regard them with

with Compaſſion, but with Reverence and Love.

He whoſe Deſires are boundleſs, will always be reſtleſs.

There are many Faults of a venial Nature, which, for want of being timely corrected, ſhoot into unpardonable Crimes.

Wrong Notions are more eaſily imbibed than right, and with the utmoſt Difficulty weeded out of the Mind.

Thoſe who are fond of Power are always vain; they are never ſatisfied with knowing they are powerful: They muſt make others ſenſible of their Power before they can enjoy it.

The Craftineſs of a Fox will be of little Service to us, when we are within the Gripe of a Lion.

In the Body politic, as well as the Body natural, thoſe Maladies which ſpring from the *Head*, are the moſt dangerous and the moſt fatal.

The

The Caſtles which are built in the Air by romantic Projectors, ſtand upon as weak a Foundation as the Card-Houſes of Children. Both are blown away by the ſlighteſt Breeze of Accident.

In the Choice of our convivial Companions, we ſhould, I think, be partial to thoſe who are of the moſt chearful, not the moſt joyous Diſpoſition.

When a Man is confined to a ſick Bed, and in a helpleſs Situation, the beſt Nurſe he can have is a good Wife: Becauſe, as ſhe is deeply intereſted in his Recovery, her anxious Sollicitude about it, will make her, with unwearied Diligence, endeavour to promote it.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 45, *line* 20, *for* ſtimulates *read* ſtimulate. *P.* 157, *l.* 18, *for* pleaſe *r.* pleaſes. *P.* 172, *l.* 2, *for* principle *r.* principal.

BRITISH 22 FEB 26 MUSEUM

BOOKS *lately printed for* F. and J. NOBLE.

1. APPARITION; or, Female Cavalier. 3 vols. 9s. bound.

2. Accompliſh'd Rake; or, Modern Fine Gentleman. 3s. bound.

3. Bubbled Knights; or, Succeſsful Contrivances. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

4. Child's Entertainer. Being a Collection of Riddles on the moſt familiar Subjects. price 6d.

5. Emily; or, the Hiſtory of a Natural Daughter. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

6. Fortune-Teller; or, the Footman ennobled. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

7. Fortunate Villager; or, Memoirs of Sir Andrew Thompſon. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

8. Hiſtory of Sir Harry Herald; with the Adventures of Mr. Charles Herald and Miſs Felicia Blanchman. 3 vols. 9s. bound.

9. Hiſtory of a young Lady of Diſtinction. In a Series of Letters, between a Mother and her Daughter. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

10. Hiſtory of the great Plague in London. To which is added, a Journal of that at Marſeilles. 5s. in Boards and Marble Paper; or 6s. bound in Calf, gilt and lettered.

11. Hiſtory of My Own Life. Being an Account of many of the ſevereſt Trials impoſed by an implacable Father upon the moſt affectionate Pair that ever entered the Marriage State. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

12. Hiſtory of Frank Hammond. 3s. bound.

13. Hiſtory of two Perſons of Quality. 3s.

14. Hiſtory of Miſs Katty N—. Containing a Relation of her Amours, Adventures and various Turns of Fortune in Scotland, Ireland, and in England. 3s. bound.

15.

15. Jilts; or, Female Fortune-Hunters. 3 vols. 9s. bound.

16. Life and Diſtreſſes of Simon Maſon. 2s. 6d. bound.

17. Life and ſurpriſing Adventures of Cruſoe Richard Davis. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

18. Life of Mr. John Van, a Clergyman's Son, of Woody, in Hampſhire. Being a Series of many extraordinary Events, and ſurprizing Viciſſitudes. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

19. Muſe in Good Humour. A Collection of Comic Tales. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

20. Muſe in a Moral Humour. A Collection of agreeable and inſtructive Tales, Fables, Paſtorals, &c. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

21. Memoirs of the Shakeſpear's Head in Covent-garden: In which are introduced many entertaining Adventures, and ſeveral remarkable Characters. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

22. Northern Memoirs: or, the Hiſtory of a Scotch Family. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

23. Rival Mother; or, the Hiſtory of the Counteſs de Salens, and her two Daughters. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

24. Suppos'd Daughter; or, Innocent Impoſtor. In which is compriſed the entertaining Memoirs of Two North-Country Families of Diſtinction, in a Series of thirty Years. 3 vols. 9s. bound.

25. Tryal of the Lady Allurea Luxury, before the Lord Chief-Juſtice Upright, on an Information for a Conſpiracy. 1s. 6d. ſew'd.

26. True Merit, True Happineſs; exemplified in the entertaining and inſtructive Memoirs of Mr. S——. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

27. Tate's King Lear, a Tragedy. 6d.

BRITISH MUSEUM 22 FEB 26